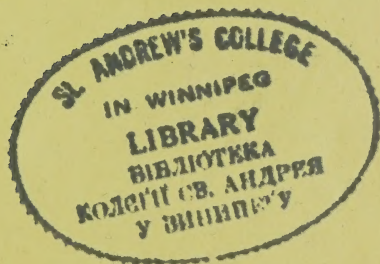


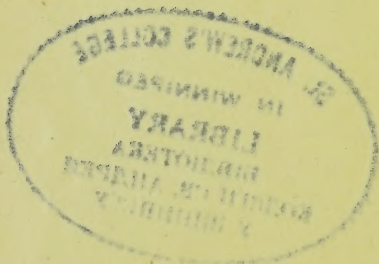
Thorn, Gran. Bradmald.
St. Aphid Linn.
1932.

26. January 21.
Houlton H. St.

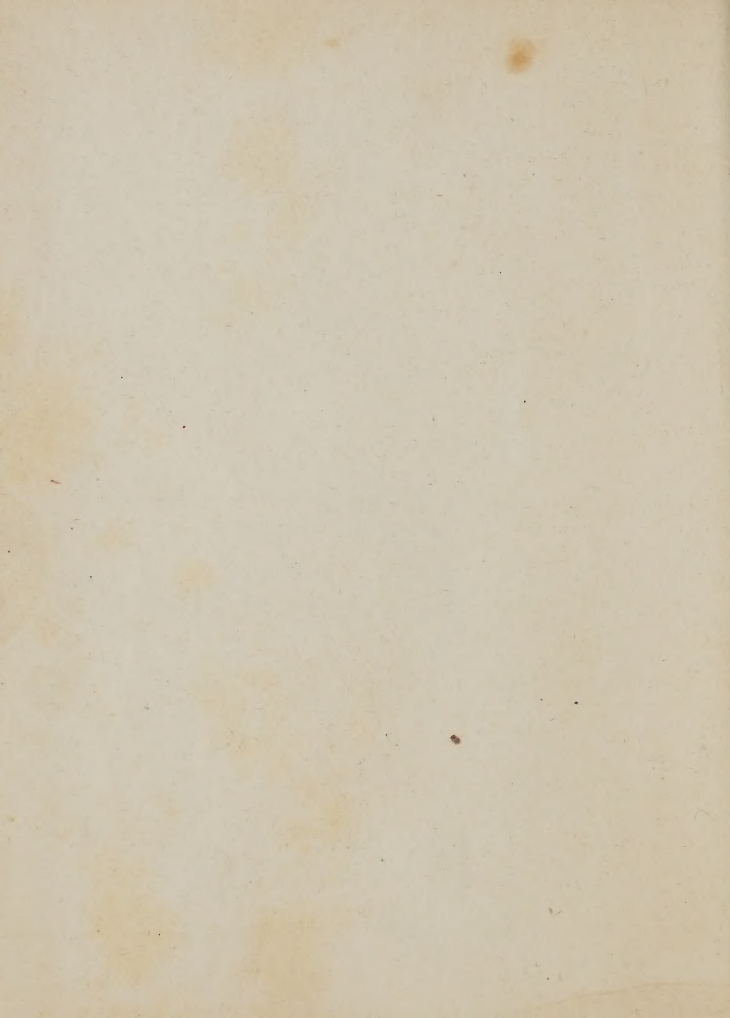
George Glendick
Winnipeg, Man.

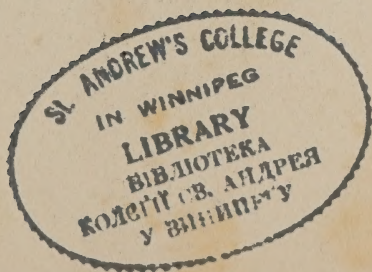


WITHDRAWN
ACCESSION NO. 15977



ACCESSION NO.





ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE
IN WINNIPEG

LIBRARY

БІБЛІОТЕКА
КОЛІДІ СВ. АНДРЕА
У ВІННІПЕГУ



Sketched by Miss Grove

THE LAKE.

Eng^d by Will^m Douglas.





LITTLE GRACE;

OR

SCENES IN NOVA-SCOTIA.

BY MISS GROVE.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my NATIVE LAND.”

HALIFAX, N. S.

PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY C. MACKENZIE & Co.

1846.

JAMES BOWES, PRINTER.

To those children, who, like "Little Grace," are
interested in the history of Nova-Scotia, this Book is
addressed, by their friend

THE AUTHOR.

HALIFAX, May 1846.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD ACADIAN.

Little Grace and her mother were standing in a shop in Granville Street, when an old man presented himself before the open door, and offered a few berries for sale. He made so many bows and grimaces, that a rude boy laughed and called him a French monkey. The old man bowed again and said, "Je suis,—I am,—Je suis,—I am,—Nova Scotia,—Je suis,—Jai." The poor fellow wished to say that he had as much right to be in Nova Scotia and to be politely treated there, as the rude boy who laughed at him, but he could not command the necessary words, and he turned away.

Grace's mother followed him and bought his berries.

"Mother," said Grace, "that old man said he was a Nova Scotian, and yet he could not speak English; I thought all the Nova Scotians spoke English."

"There are still a few of the Acadians in the province, my dear, who speak the language of France."

"I wonder why my mother calls them Acadians," thought Grace, "I should think they must be French, if they speak the language of France."

Grace could not ask her mother to explain this to her, because she was now talking to some ladies, but after tea, that evening, she told her brother about the old man she had seen. "He was an Acadian, brother; did you ever see an Acadian?"

Grace's brother said he was astonished at her ignorance. "Did you not know," said he, "that those women we so often see in Halifax, with woollen socks and knitted mittens for sale, are Acadians?"

"No, indeed" said Grace, "I did not know they were Acadians, I thought they were French women, and that was the reason of their wearing white handkerchiefs on their heads, instead of bonnets. I do not know what Acadians are?"

"Is it possible, that my mother allows you to grow up so ignorant of the history of our own province, our native land?" exclaimed Grace's brother, with an air of superiority. "She ought to make you read Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia. Every Nova Scotian ought to read it."

"But that is a very large book, brother, I never read so large a book in my whole life. Did you read it when you were eight years old?"

"Why really" said her brother, "it is so long since I was eight years old, that I can't recollect what books I read then." "How old were you when you can first recollect reading it," asked Grace, "and how many times do you think you have read it in all?"

"Oh, I really don't know, I can't exactly say, perhaps I have never read it all through more than once, straight through, that is, from beginning to end; we often read parts of books you know; those parts which are more important than the rest." The truth was he had just finished his first perusal of the book in question, but he did not like to own to his sister that he had never read it before.

They were both silent for a few minutes. At last Grace said timidly, "but I suppose you knew all about the Acadians, before you were eight years old." "Of course, I did," said her brother, "or if I did not know all about them, I knew something, enough at least, not to expose myself as you have done to day." "Indeed," continued he, in the manner of one inflated with recently acquired knowledge, "you appear to be so very ignorant, I doubt if you know who Columbus was."

Grace had begun to look very sorrowful, but now her face brightened as she answered, "Yes, indeed I do;

mamma told me he was a native of Genoa; and the Queen of Spain let him take some ships from her country and he sailed across the Atlantic, and discovered America.” “Yes,” said her brother, “Columbus certainly sailed across the Atlantic, but he never saw North America; it was Cabot who discovered our country.” “And did the Queen of Spain help him too?” “No, he lived at Bristol; do you know where Bristol is?” “Yes,” said Grace, producing her map, “here it is in the South West of England.”

“Right, Grace” said her brother, “I am glad to see you find the places you read of, on your map. Dr. Fretum says that is the true way to learn Geography. Dr. Fretum says if we use maps constantly we may become almost as familiar with the relative positions of places, as if we actually visited the places themselves.”

Grace looked a little puzzled about the meaning of “relative positions,” but she was accustomed to be puzzled by quotations from Dr. Fretum, and as she was intent on learning something of the history of Nova Scotia, she did not ask her brother, the meaning of his words. Still looking at her map, she said aloud, “Cabot sailed from Bristol then, but it could not have been Queen Victoria

who gave him the ships, for mamma told me yesterday that Victoria is quite young, younger than she is, a great deal ; so I am sure some of the houses in Halifax must have been built before Victoria was born, for they look much older than mamma, or even than Grandmamma."

"It is time you knew" said her brother, "that the Cabots were subjects of Henry 7th, who was a wise and economic monarch."

"When did Henry Seventh live?" asked Grace.

"When ? oh, before Henry Eighth to be sure."

"But, brother, I mean how long ago?" "How long ago!" repeated her brother, "how long ago, oh, a great while ago." "A hundred years?" asked Grace. "Yes," said her brother, rather hesitatingly, "more than a hundred years ago."

Here their mother looked up and said, "John Cabot and his son Sebastian sailed from Bristol with three hundred men, in the spring of 1497, "now Grace, try if you know enough of arithmetic to tell me how long it is since then?" Grace ran for her slate, and when she had written down 1843, which she knew was the year in which she lived, she put 1497 under it, and then she said, "seven from thirteen will leave six ; ten from fourteen will leave four ; and fifteen from eighteen will leave three ; 346 years, mamma, since Nova Scotia was discovered by the English, I

suppose they liked it better than their own country, and built Halifax to live in. I saw some men pulling down a house yesterday, and they said they were pulling it down because it was very old, and not fit for any body to live in. No wonder the boards looked so old and crumbled, if they had been in the house more than three hundred years."

Grace's mother and brother laughed, and her brother said, "Instead of being glad of the discovery they had made and sending out people to colonize the new country, they took no notice of it, until Elizabeth was Queen in 1583." Grace subtracted 1497 from 1583, and found it was eighty six years after the discovery by the Cabots. Then she asked if Queen Elizabeth herself came to Nova Scotia, or if she sent one of her great lords.

"Sir Humphry Gilbert was the person who crossed the Atlantic," said her brother. "He did not land in our province, but in Newfoundland, of which he took possession in the Queen's name."

"Did he build a city there?" asked Grace.

"He did not live to enjoy his discoveries, his ship sank as he was on his way back to England, and he and all the people with him perished. His brother Sir John Gilbert, came to America, twenty years after, but he was not more fortunate. He was very old, the winter was severe, and

he died, and all those that came with him, went back to England."

"Well," said Grace, "if the English did not like Nova Scotia, I wonder some body else did not come and live in it; I am sure it is a very pleasant place."

"And so they did," said her brother, "but I think people in those days were very stupid. A Marquis came from France, with a ship full of convicts, taken from the French prisons, and where do you suppose this wise man landed the poor fellows?"

Grace looked at the map of North America, but she could see no place there, that looked at all like the French Marquis, for whom her brother appeared to feel so much contempt, so she shook her head, and said "I don't know."

"It was on the Isle of Sable which produces nothing but briars."

"But, said Grace, I suppose he took them into his ship again, when he found they could get nothing to live upon."

"He went away to examine the coasts of Nova Scotia, and then bad weather came and drove him back to France."

"How dreadful! exclaimed Grace, and did they all die?"

"They would certainly have perished, if some boards had

not drifted on shore from a wreck ; with these boards they made huts which sheltered them from the cold." "What did they do for clothes, and food, if the island produced nothing but briars ?" asked Grace.

"They made clothes of seal skins, and they had nothing to eat but fish."

"I wish it had been a pleasant, fruitful island, like the one Robinson Crusoe was in, said Grace ; but did the French people never come back for them ?"

"Seven years afterwards" said her brother, "the King of France sent a ship to take them back to their own country ; but, of the forty who had been landed on the island only twelve were found alive. When the King saw how miserable they looked with their long beards and seal skin coats, he pardoned them and gave them some money."

At this moment some visitors came in, and Grace and her brother talked no more that day, about the early history of the country.

CHAPTER II.

IT RAINS.

Grace took a note to her mother and stood by her, as she opened it. Her mother read the note. It was from Miss Martha. Grace knew what was in the note, for Miss Martha had told her. It was to ask her to a picnic. "Is it to be to-day, or to-morrow," said Grace, "and will you let me go?"

"Miss Martha invites you to go to-morrow at eleven o'clock. You are to dine in the woods, and to remain out until six o'clock."

"How delightful," cried Grace, "I wish to-morrow would come."

Grace did not ask her brother for any stories about Nova Scotia that day; she was quite occupied with thinking and talking about the picnic.

George (Grace's brother was named George,) took Haliburton's History into his bed room that night. He had heard his father say it would probably rain the next

day, and he knew if it did, his little sister would be very much disappointed, and would perhaps, ask him to amuse her with some stories of Nova Scotia.

The "to-morrow" that Grace had so wished for, came in due time, but the bright sun that had made the woods seem so inviting the day before, did not shine into Grace's room when she awoke. She rose hastily and drew aside the window curtain. The rain was falling in large splashing drops. Grace looked down into the street, which seemed a great river of muddy water. The pigeons were not there as usual, there was not even a dog to be seen. No living thing was in sight, except a milk woman, with a blanket shawl over her head and some large tin cans in her hands.

Grace dressed very slowly and went down stairs with a heavy step. She found no one in the breakfast room, but her brother who was drawing.

"Oh, George," said Grace, "do you think it will stop raining?"

"Yes, certainly," said George, "I have no idea it will rain forever." "But I mean do you think it will stop before eleven o'clock?"

George said he did not think it would, and went on putting some black strokes on the dark side of a large tree

which he was shading. Presently he looked up. He saw that Grace was winking very fast to keep back the tears which were gathering in her eyes. He told her to look at his drawing. In the other corner opposite the tree was some water, and he began to make some little ducks on the water. He had made one, and was just finishing the beak of another when a great tear rolled down over Grace's cheek.

"Grace," said George, "suppose I tell you a Nova Scotian story:—this is a famous morning for story telling. Grace nodded and tried to smile.

"Well, I will begin in the good old fashioned way, 'once upon a time'; shall I?"

"If you please" said Grace; "I have read a great many pretty stories that begin 'once upon a time.'"

So George began, "Once upon a time a ship anchored in the Bay of St. Mary."

"I don't know where the Bay of St. Mary is," said Grace. George opened the volume he had taken to his bed room the previous evening, unfolded the map and pointed to the bay of St. Mary. Grace saw that it was on the North West of Nova Scotia, and George went on with the alacrity of one well acquainted with his subject. Some of the people that were in the ship when it anchored

in St. Mary's Bay, were catholics, and some were protestants.

"Were they English and Irish?" asked Grace.

"No, they were all French; the King of France had given permission to a person named DeMonts to take some men and some ships to Nova Scotia. If these people liked the country, they intended to live there."

"I hope they came in the summer," said Grace. "The summer is so pleasant and the woods are so pretty then."

With DeMonts was a priest named Daubre, who had come with them to America, against the wishes of his friends. He came because he had a great desire to see the New World.

"New World!" cried Grace in astonishment, "what do you mean by New World? are there two worlds?" then, without waiting for an answer, she exclaimed, "I know now it is in the Bible; Old Testament and New Testament; Old World and New World."

"You have very queer fancies, Grace," said George. "America is the New World child, called so, because it was not discovered until Columbus crossed the Atlantic."

"What," cried Grace, "did nobody live here before that time, and were there no houses here, nor trees, nor anything?" "Oh, yes, said George, plenty of trees

more than there are now, for the white men cut them down to make room for their houses. I suppose there were Indians here too, for the history says, the natives were friendly to the French."

"If the Indians could find Nova Scotia, why could not the white people? but perhaps they had not as much sense," said Grace. "I heard my grandmother say the other day, she thought we should be more healthy, if we lived more like the Indians."

George did not know how to settle all the doubts his little sister had raised, so he told Grace if she wanted to hear the story at all, she must listen and not talk. Grace promised to be silent, and George went on with his story.

"Daubre was always foremost in every party that landed to survey the country. It may seem strange to you, that a priest should wear a sword, but in a wild country inhabited only by savage Indians, no one thought it safe to be unarmed; so Daubre always wore a sword when he went on these excursions. One day when he was out with a party from the ship, they came to a spring of clear water—Daubre was thirsty, and as he had no cup, he took off his sword and lay down to drink. When he had rejoined his party, he found he had left his sword behind, and he returned immediately to the spring to look for it."

“He was not missed by the rest of the party, until they were assembled in the boat to return to the ship. Some thought wild beasts had devoured him, others said he had lost his way in the woods, and some said a protestant who had been of the party had murdered him. This protestant had sometimes disputed with the priest about religion and that was the reason he was suspected of having killed him.”

Here Grace looked as if she wanted to say a word in defence of the protestant, but her brother held up his finger to warn her not to interrupt him.

“The ship waited several days in the hope that Daubre would yet arrive. They fired guns to let him know in what direction they lay, but he did not come, so they gave up all hope of seeing him again, and sailed away.”

“Poor man,” said Grace, “was he really dead? I think they ought to have staid for his funeral.”

“He was not dead, but he had lost his way; you know I told you he went back to the spring to look for his sword.”

“By himself?” cried Grace, “then I am sure a lion or some other animal came out of the woods and caught him.”

“Nonsense! there are no lions in Nova Scotia, and there never were any. So the priest went on safely and soon found his sword lying where he had left it.”

“Then I think it was his own fault that he was left, why did he not run very fast to overtake the others?”

“If you talk so much,” said George “I shall never finish my story, and here comes the urn; we are going to have breakfast.” “Oh, go on, please to go on, and I will not speak a word, said Grace.”

“He took up his sword and walked away. After he had walked for some time he found himself again by the spring.”

“Did he not remember the road? but I beg your pardon brother please to go on.”

“There were no roads in Nova Scotia then, and even now you know people sometimes lose their way in the woods. Do you not remember the two poor little children that were lost in the woods at Dartmouth, and perished?”

“Yes, said Grace, sorrowfully, I remember very well, and did poor Daubre perish too?”

“You shall hear. He was sadly perplexed and alarmed when he found himself again by the spring, and he did not know in what direction to go. The trees all looked alike and he could see no traces of his companions. Sometimes he fancied he remembered a particular shrub or old tree, and ran forward towards it; then another struck his attention and he went thither, till at last he was bewildered and almost without hope. Then he stood still and

called with all his strength. When he had shouted two or three times, he listened for an answer but could hear nothing except now and then a bird or a squirrel; and what was very terrible to him, it began to grow dark. He said to himself that it was of no use to keep on walking, since he might only be going further into the woods, and he was very tired, so he sank down on the ground and went to sleep."

And what came out of the woods and caught him then? said Grace.

"Came out of the woods!" repeated her brother,—the priest himself was in the woods,—it was all woods,—nothing but woods—woods every where."

"And he slept I suppose under a tree," said the little girl.

"No doubt," replied George, "on a bed of soft moss, that was no hardship. I have often thought I should like to try it myself.

"But the wild beasts," suggested Grace.

"He had his sword and a brave man with a sword, what should he fear?" said her brother with a very heroic voice and look. "Well, day after day passed, and Daubre had nothing to eat but the berries and roots he found in the woods. At last one day, he heard something which

made his heart beat, and he began to run very fast. What do you suppose it was?" "A tiger," said Grace, without hesitation; but as her brother shook his head, she guessed again. "A pack of hungry wolves descended from the mountains."

"Wrong again, Grace, so Daubre ran forward very fast, towards the sound, towards it Grace, not away from it, and presently he saw some thing through the trees, oh, how glad he was. Now I see you think he had found his companions, but it was the sea which he had heard roaring against the shore. He was however very glad to find himself on the coast, and he resolved not to leave it again, but to watch for the canoe of some native. He staid looking out on the water for several days, and every day he grew fainter and fainter for want of food. He had been lost sixteen days, when one morning he perceived a boat full of men who appeared to be fishing. He knew they must be his friends, by their dress and he tried to call out to them, but he was too weak to make them hear, so he took his sword, tied his handkerchief on it, put his hat on the top of it, and held it up for a signal. The signal was seen and the men landed. They were very much astonished when they saw Daubre, for they had given up all hope of finding him again. They gave him

a little food, for he was too feeble to take much, and he returned with them to DeMonts and his party, who were all delighted to see him again, but greater than all, was the joy of the poor man, who had been suspected of murdering him."

"You have succeeded in telling that story very well George," said his mother, who had been in the room for some minutes, observing her two children with great pleasure, "and I think Grace must feel very much obliged to you."

"Yes, indeed," said Grace, "but mamma will you tell me how the Indians found Nova Scotia?"

Before Grace's mother could answer her little girl's question the breakfast was brought in, and Grace was soon very busy with her milk and raspberries; but when presently her father entered the breakfast room, and began to praise her for bearing her disappointment so patiently, the honest Grace exclaimed "It was the story father, if George had not told me the story, I should have been very unhappy,—but the story gave me something to think of and then I forgot about the rain—so you see it is George after all that bears the disappointment."

"And very well he bears it," said her father, laughing at George's manful consumption of broiled salmon and

potatoes, "a true hero I see has an excellent appetite. He has been entertaining you with some of his school adventures, has he, Grace?"

"Oh no!" answered the little girl, "he has been telling me about some French people that came to settle in Nova Scotia, a great many years ago, and he has promised to tell me who the Acadians were."

"My stupid little sister," said George, "can you not yet see that these same French people were the Acadians?"

His father said, "Grace did not deserve to be called stupid, and he told her that Acadia was the name given by the French to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick."

"Now," cried Grace with the manner of one who has found out the meaning of an enigma, "Now I see it. The French people who came to live in Acadia were called Acadians, just as we are now called Nova Scotians." Her father told her she was right.

"And so they brought Daubre to Halifax, I suppose," said Grace. "No," said George "they took him first to St. Croix, and the next spring they all went to Port Royal." Grace asked if that were much farther off than Dartmouth—and her father promised to show her Annapolis on the map after breakfast; he told her that Port Royal is now

called Annapolis. "And if you put one finger on St. Mary's Bay, you will be able to put the next on Annapolis," said George.

"I hope DeMonts and all his Frenchmen did not die in the winter as poor old Sir John Gilbert did," said Grace. "At any rate, people can live here in the winter now and be very warm and comfortable too ; I dont see why books need to call it a severe climate, and say, *inclement*, and all such hard words about it," and her face looked very red and patriotic. But George who felt little inclination to keep to himself, the knowledge he had acquired by the last night's reading, interrupted her.

"They appear to have had a pleasant winter at Port Royal," said he ; "the Indians were friendly to them, and willing to sell the game they killed. But though there was an abundant supply of venison, there was a great scarcity of bread. There was plenty of corn—but the only way of grinding it was by a hand mill which required hard labour, so much disliked by the Indians, that they preferred hunger to the task of grinding, though the French offered them half the meal they ground."

"DeMonts and a great friend of his named Pontrincourt had gone back to France before the winter began. They wanted to get provisions and stores of all kinds necessary

for the colony. In May they came back again—and the things they had brought made the people at Port Royal more comfortable the second winter than they had been the first. One custom they had which I think very pleasant, it makes me wish to have been there. There were fifteen gentlemen, of whom every one took his turn to provide for the party for one day. When his day came he was the President and sat at the head of the table, and had a staff, and all the others did just as he told them. You may suppose they all tried which should provide best, and so they hunted and fished and bought game of the natives and were very merry.”

“In the spring they built a flour mill which was turned by a little river, and then they could have as much bread as they wanted without asking the Indians to help them.”

“I like Bent’s crackers, said Grace, not so well as Mr. Shaffer’s bread, to be sure—but still—but then—Oh I suppose”—

“Suppose what?” said George, laughing. “Do you suppose Bent and Shaffer lived and baked in those days? Oh Grace, is that what you were going to say?”

“No brother, it is not; I was going to say something very different indeed, but you have laughed it quite out of my mind, and now you will never know what it was.”

“Poor George,” said his father.

CHAPTER III.

THE PIC-NIC.

Grace did not lose the pic-nic. The rain ceased, the sun shone, and in a day or two, it was announced by Miss Martha in person, that the woods were dry. "I shall call for Grace at eleven to-morrow," said Miss Martha, as she went out at the parlor door,—she said, that she should bring with her, Jessy and Isabel and Ellen and Sophy, and that the other little girls were to go with her sister Miss Susan, and she charged Grace not to keep them waiting a moment.

"Mamma" said Grace, "I expect to be very happy to-morrow in the woods, and I mean, if I can, to tell Jessy what my brother has been telling me about the Acadians. I hope she has not read Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia, do you think she has mamma?" Her mother said she thought Jessy had never read it.

"Because," continued Grace, "you know if she has, she will know a great deal better than I do all about every

thing." "I believe" said George "that Grace thinks those two volumes contain all wisdom and knowledge. When I go back to Windsor shall I call at Clifton, and tell the author what an admirer he has in the person of my little sister?"

Grace, in great alarm, disclaimed the idea that all knowledge was in the book which had taken such hold on her fancy. "I did not think, brother," said she, reproachfully, "that there would be any thing about Robinson Crusoe in it, nor perhaps about Captain Cook, but I thought it might tell whether there were many Indians in Nova Scotia when DeMonts and the other French people came to live at Port Royal."

George told her "that he thought they must have been rather numerous, for at one time, while DeMonts was absent in France, so many warriors assembled in their vicinity, that the French began to feel alarmed. There were four hundred fighting Indians, and their sachem was named Mambertou. Their camp was laid out with great regularity, and enclosed with a high wicker fence, made of tall slender trees, sharpened at the ends and driven into the ground, and then interwoven with others, until the whole became quite a strong wall."

Grace looked very grave ; she thought the French were certainly coming to some harm now.

George went on: "within the wall, in the centre of the enclosure was a large tent where the chiefs met to talk about their plans, and the cabins of each district, situated a little apart from the rest, occupied the remainder, of the space."

Grace thought the great tent was like the Province House in Halifax.

"After some time, the French saw them embark, each portion of the tribe under its own leader, and could not help admiring their order and regularity."

"I wish you would describe the scene if you remember it," said Grace.

"Of course I remember it," said George, "you must not suppose Grace, that we boys forget every thing the moment we have done reading it." Grace said, "it would be impossible for her to do that, after he had told her so many pleasant things from memory."

"You must think of a river all covered with canoes, a great many strong Indians with their weapons, and the chiefs looking very proud and fierce, and Mambertou at the head of the whole. So they sailed across the Bay of Fundy, and joined some other Indians collected on the river St. John."

"Here it is," said Grace, "in New Brunswick. What

a pretty sight all those canoes must have been, and how frightened the French people must have felt."

"Yes," said her brother, "it was the greatest Indian army they had ever seen, and you may suppose the French felt both wonder and pleasure as they stood on the ramparts at Port Royal, and saw all the canoes pass by, one after the other. They were going to the South, to fight against other Indians who lived near Cape Cod."

Grace said "she was very glad they had gone, she did not like DeMonts and the other gentlemen to be killed."

Her brother told her "that DeMonts was at this time in France, and that he did not come back to Acadia any more. He did not think the French government had treated him well, so he wrote to Pontrincourt, and sent a small vessel with some supplies, but did not himself return to the colony."

"Then did the French all go away from Port Royal," asked Grace?

George told her "that Pontrincourt determined to live there, even though he could get no one to come back with him from France but his own family."

"Oh then," said Grace, "I suppose they did go away." George told her he thought they did, although he could not recollect that Haliburton said so in so many words.

"I am very sorry they are going away I wanted to hear more about them," said Grace, "but please to tell me all they did before they went."

George smiled; his smile seemed to say, "I am glad this little sister has a brother, who can give her all the information she requires." Grace was pleased when she saw her brother smile, and she said "he was very kind to stay in the house on so fine a morning, to amuse her," she promised when he had told her about Pontrincourt's going away, not to ask any more questions that day.

"Pontrincourt was very anxious to see how the things which had been planted in the spring, would grow, and he staid eleven days longer than the rest, that he might carry home to France some specimens of his harvest." Grace wanted to know what these specimens were, and whether the French King liked them. George told her "that he took with him wheat, rye, barley and oats; and other productions animal and mineral, and that the King thought highly of them all."

"One thing more, George, were the Indians glad or sorry when the white men left them?"

"Mambertou did not return from his expedition to Cape Cod, until just as Pontrincourt was about to embark. He had returned a proud and victorious warrior, but when he

found the French were departing, he did not show any joy at his victory over his enemies, but wept and seemed in great distress. He made Pontrincourt promise to come back the next summer, and teach him those arts which made the white man superior to the Indian. Pontrincourt left part of his provisions, the buildings, and the standing corn, as a present to the Indians. These people were not ungrateful, for when some French families landed the next spring, at Port Royal, they found that the savages, who had gathered several barrels of corn out of the fields, the previous autumn, had saved one barrel for their white friends."

"I am glad they came back, but brother who was governor if DeMonts staid in France?" George was going to tell her, but his father called him to ride with him, and Grace went to practise her music lesson.

That night Grace's head was so full of the pic-nic that she could scarcely sleep. She woke several times during the night, thinking that she was too late for Miss Martha, and then her eyes closed and she sank into sleep again. At last about four o'clock in the morning, she called to her nurse who slept in the next room. "Do you think it will be a fine day, nurse?"

"I do not know," answered the nurse," you see it is not light. "I think it is a very long night," said Grace, "or else, the morning is cloudy. How sorry I shall be if it rains again."

The nurse who was very good natured, did not like Grace to feel restless and anxious, so she got out of bed, and coming into Grace's room, drew aside the curtain, and looking out, told the little girl that it was a beautiful night and that there was not the least prospect of rain.

Grace could see the moon; it looked she thought like half a ring; close beside it was a star, that sparkled with white light, as the snow looks in winter when the sun shines on it. There were other smaller stars all over the sky. Grace looked at them for a little while. and then fell asleep, and dreamed that the canopy of her bed was blue, with gold spots on it.

It was seven by the clock in the breakfast room, when Grace looked in. The sun shone brightly on the smooth water of the harbour which sparkled as if smiling for joy. Grace stood at the window, and thought it very beautiful, and so it was. The tents on George's Island were white as snow drifts, and the hills of Dartmouth seemed holding their heads up in the fresh morning air, till Grace longed to be one of the birds which she saw flying over the water. But

she could not be a bird, and she must wait till eleven before crossing the harbour, so she went for her books and sat down to learn the lessons for the next day.

After breakfast, Grace's mother requested her to bring from the pantry, a round basket which she would find standing on the floor. Grace brought the basket and placed it on the table by her mother. She saw that it contained a cold tongue. Her mother put into it a loaf of bread, some cakes, and a jar of strawberry jam.

"Do you not think some of the little girls would like some biscuits," said Grace.

"Oh! Oh!" said Grace's father, looking up from his newspaper, "you are not content with the bread Shaffer makes, but you must be supplied by Bent too; are you afraid you shall be compelled to ask the Indians in the woods at Dartmouth to grind corn for you?"

"Oh no Sir," said Grace smiling good temperedly, and blushing a little, "I am not afraid there should not be bread enough, but I think, yes, I am sure, all the girls in the world like biscuits."

"All the girls in the world, Grace? Abyssinians, New-Zealanders, Tartars——"

"Oh! papa," interrupted Grace, "not those people; I don't mean the girls in the whole world, I only mean the girls in America."

“You are sure of those then ; well, first, there are the Esquimaux and Greenlanders ; then there are the Patagonians and the Araucanians ; the Knistenaux, the Ojibbeways, the Assineboins.”

“Well, papa, I ought not to have said I was sure ; but I like biscuits, and Jessy likes biscuits ; there are two you see, Sir, in a moment, and I could think of a great many more, if I had time, but my mother wants me now to help her to pack the basket.”

Grace's father laughed, and said he hoped all the girls in the world would not be disappointed at the small quantity of biscuits, the basket could be made to hold ; he did not think it would be more than enough for North America.

By half past ten, Grace was quite ready. She was dressed in a clean white frock, and no little girl ever looked happier or healthier than she did, coming slowly down stairs with her straw bonnet in her hand. The basket her mother had packed, stood on the hall table. Grace tried to lift it, but she found it quite too heavy. She stood still for a moment, in deep thought, then, running back to her own room, she found a basket filled with doll's clothes, which she hastily emptied. She then carried the little basket down stairs, and began to fill it with cakes and biscuits from the larger one. While she

was busy with the two baskets, her nurse came through the hall, and asked her what she was doing.

"This great basket is too heavy for me," said Grace, "I cannot carry it, and I am putting some of the things into this little one." Her nurse told her that she was not to carry the basket, that many other things were going with the party, and that Miss Martha's servant was to take them all in a wagon. When Grace heard this, she began in a great hurry to put the cakes back into the large basket. She did not put them in skilfully; they rolled out on the table, and one fell on the floor, and was broken. It wanted but five minutes to eleven, and Grace began to fear that Miss Martha would call before she had repaired the mischief she had done. She was very sorry she had not had full confidence in her mother. The clock began to strike; there were still three biscuits to put in. Grace found a place for one, and thought she could carry the other two in her hand, so she ran to her mother, and said, "mamma, here are two biscuits, that I took out of the basket and I cannot get them in again; may I carry them in my hand?" Her mother told her that they had better be left at home; it would be very troublesome to her to have her hands full of bread. "Besides you must take some money," said her mother; you know you can-

not go to Dartmouth without paying the men in the steam-boat for taking you across the harbour."

When the little party were in the street, Grace and Jessy were so much occupied with each other, as they walked along, that they nearly fell over a great Newfoundland dog, that was lying by the steps of a house door. Miss Martha sent Isabel to tell them to look where they were going. "Yes, aunt," said Jessy, "we will take better care the next big dog we come to." While Jessy was still looking back at her aunt, Grace drew her round the corner of a street. This street led to the steam boat wharf. On the side walk sat several squaws, making baskets. One of them had a child, about three years old, sitting by her side; and the papoose of another was tightly bandaged up in a little case made of bark. Grace stopped suddenly, and held Jessy back with all her strength. "Look," cried she, "look Jessy!"

Jessy turned and looked as Grace had desired. She was very glad that Grace had stopped her. If Grace had not held her back, and told her to stop, perhaps she would have stumbled over the baskets which the squaws were making, and if she had fallen, it seemed very likely she would have hurt the poor papoose. After this, the little girls went on very well. Grace looked on every side for what she called "another dear, darling, little Indian," but

she did not see another, and presently they had passed through the busy market, and had reached the wharf. The boat was in sight, but it had not come up to the landing; so the children asked if they might stand and watch a cobbler, who was sitting in the street mending a pair of large, coarse shoes. Grace said she would rather be a squaw and make baskets, than a cobbler and mend shoes. Jessy thought she should feel cold in an Indian wigwam in the winter, and she was sure the smoke would make her eyes smart. Isabel said she would rather be a neat looking French woman, and sell woollen socks of her own knitting, than either a squaw or a cobbler.

“Have you ever read Haliburton’s History of Nova-Scotia?” asked Grace, looking eagerly from Isabel to Jessy and from Jessy to Isabel, and almost out of breath with her earnestness. Isabel shook her head—she had never heard of it; and Jessy said her father read it, but it was too large a book for her. She wondered what sudden thought had made Grace ask the question.

“Because,” said Grace, “I thought if you had not read Haliburton’s History, you would be glad to hear some of the stories about Nova Scotia, that my brother has been telling me. They said they should like to hear the stories, and Grace promised to try to recollect some of them.

Miss Susan, with several other children, now arrived, just as the bell of the steam boat began to ring. This bell rang to tell the people who were going in the boat, that it was time to go on board. Grace gave her sevenpence half-penny to Miss Martha, and then all the other little girls did the same, and Miss Martha gave the money to a man who stood at the gate of the steam boat wharf. This person, who received the money, had a very dark, red face, that looked as if he had been exposed to wind and rain, and heat and frost.

When they had paid, they all went on the deck of the boat, and seated themselves on one of the benches. The attention of Grace was soon caught by a black woman, in a little wagon. This woman had beside her, a great basket of clothes which she was taking home to wash. On her lap she had a lobster, which she picked to pieces with her fingers, and eat without any bread. Some of the other children noticed these things, but Grace was trying to think, how that black woman came to Nova Scotia. At last she said aloud, "I cannot make it out; I must ask George." Isabel asked her what she was talking about.

"I don't know how the black people came to Nova-Scotia." Isabel said she did not know,—she supposed they walked. "What! from Africa?" said Grace—"you know the blacks are Africans."

"Then, I suppose, they came when the Indians did," said Jessy. "I think not," said Grace, "for the Indians were always here. I mean they were here even before the French or any white people."

Just then Miss Martha called the children to her—she wanted them to look at a fine ship at anchor in the harbour. A large boat was just rowing away from this ship. Some ladies and gentlemen were in it, and the sailors who were rowing wore large collars turned over their blue jackets, and they had long ribbons flying from the side of their round hats.

A great many sunfish were floating about in the water. They looked like pink, or dark-red flowers. The little girls were still watching these when the boat came to the wharf at Dartmouth. Miss Martha got up from her seat, and taking Grace by the hand, she walked away from the boat, through the open gates and up the hill. The others followed in pairs, and Miss Susan came last, leading little Miss Mooney by the hand. Then came the wagon, in which Miss Martha's servant John had put all the baskets. It would have been a great pity if anything had happened to John or to the wagon, for what would a pic-nic be without its well-filled baskets!

When they had all passed through the village, Miss Martha told Jessy and Grace that she wished them to get

into the wagon. They were the two youngest of the company, and she thought them more likely to be tired than the others. Then she directed John to turn to the left, and then, at a place which she pointed out, he was to turn to the right; she said that road would lead him to a gate. He was to go through the gate, and drive about a quarter of a mile along the road. John and the two children were found in the spot Miss Martha had fixed on, for the scene of the day's pleasure.

It is impossible to tell which of the children expressed most delight, when they saw the place selected by Miss Martha. "How lovely and cool it is under the trees," cried Sophy. "Here is a nice flat stone for a seat," said Jane, "and here," said Mary, "is a pretty house, all shaded by trees." There was room for four of the girls in the house Mary had found, and the four remained there very happy for two or three minutes,—then, as is the manner of children—yes, and of grown people too, at pic-nics, they left their seats and wandered about from place to place, each place seeming prettier than the last, till they were quite tired, and wondered when the pic-nic, by which they meant the eating part of it, was to begin.

John had brought all the baskets to Miss Martha and her sister, and had procured some water from a cottage

that stood in a field not far off. When the baskets were opened, one was found to contain a rice pudding, and a sponge cake. Another was filled with slices of ham and little prints of butter; in a third were some bottles of milk and large pieces of ice, which were well covered up to prevent them from melting. I once heard of a pic-nic, for which every thing had been provided—except *one*. There were boiled hams in abundance, each with its paper frill, cold fowls, cheese, salads, fruit, tongue, wines;—all these were there, but what do you think had been forgotten? No one had thought to bring any bread.

Our Dartmouth pic-nic was more fortunate; there were loaves of bread, besides the biscuits, of which Grace thought so much; and as Miss Martha had taken care to furnish a sufficient number of knives, and forks, and plates, every thing went on very happily, and it was a very pleasant dinner under the shade of the trees.

After dinner, Miss Susan sang this song:

“God gave the little wren, a place
Within the dark green wood,
Where it might sit and sing to Him
Who fills the solitude.

“God made the modest violet
In secret places dwell,

Where it might send its perfume up
To Him it pleaseth well.

“The tiny bird, the lowly flower,
Rebuke our mortal care ;
He, from the feeblest human heart,
Accepts the feeblest prayer.”

When Miss Susan had been thanked for her song, Miss Martha said she could not sing them a song, but she would, if they liked, tell them something which happened in the woods of Nova Scotia, a long while ago. The children said that would be delightful, and they all moved a little closer together, in order to catch every word Miss Martha said, and to be able to watch the expression of her face, while she spoke. Miss Martha looked all round the circle, and then said, “Children, I suppose you all know there is such a place as Annapolis.” They all said—“Oh, yes, Miss Martha,” with the exception of two little girls. The two who did not answer with the others, were Jane Shaw and our friend Grace. Jane said, she knew Annapolis better than any place in the world. She was born there, and her father lived there, and her brothers ; and Grace said, that it was called Port Royal by the French when they lived there.

“So it was, my dear,” said Miss Martha; “it was called Port Royal at the very time about which I am going to tell you. I suppose you know that the Indians had possession of all America, before some people from Europe crossed the sea, and came here to settle. Well, the natives of Nova Scotia, I mean the Indians, you know, children, were very friendly to the French.”

“Mambertou,” said Grace, softly; but Miss Martha heard her, and nodded. “The name of their sachem was Mambertou. This chief admired the intelligence of the white men, and he wanted to be like them. He became a Roman Catholic, and he and his son learned to understand and to speak French. The French people had taken great pains to learn the habits and the language of the Indians, in order that they might be able to teach the savages what it was important for them to know. Among others, there was a priest, named Beart, who wished to visit some of the distant abodes of the Indians. Father Beart could not go alone, for he did not know the way through the woods; there were no roads, and the country would all look alike wild and dreadful to him. None of the other white men could help him, so he must have an Indian guide. The Indians could find their way by the sun and the stars—by the moss on the trees, or by some

little brook ; or a crooked branch or an old stump, if they had ever seen it before, directed them,—just as you know what street you are in, by the looks of the shops and houses.

The son of Mambertou, the sachem, was the only Indian, except his father, who could speak French, so he was chosen to accompany Father Beart, and to be his guide. So they went away together far into the thick woods. By and bye, the French priest began to feel very ill, and his Indian guide feared he would die. Then he thought to himself, if Father Beart should die while alone with him, the French would think he had murdered him, and then he made up his mind to kill the poor missionary at once, instead of waiting till he died of fatigue."

Those children who had been plaiting grass, or twining wreaths of *Linnea Borealis* round the crowns of their bonnets, clasped their hands together, and looked eagerly at Miss Martha, who went on with her story in a very grave voice.

"Well, my dear children, this Indian told the poor, sick Frenchman that he thought he would die, and he said "when the son of Mambertou returns to Port Royal, alone, the white chiefs will look at him, and will say that he has killed his white brother." Then he asked Father Beart to

give him a written paper, saying that he felt himself likely to die, and wished to clear the character of his guide, and that he had therefore signed this paper, in case any body should suspect the guide of having acted unfairly. Poor Beart was very ill, but he was still in possession of all his strength of mind. He suspected what the Indian intended to do, and answered him, "No, I shall not give you such a paper; I see the wicked thoughts you have in your heart, and know that you want to kill me." When the Indian heard this, he was greatly terrified; he thought that the white man could read all his thoughts, and must be a great and terrible magician. So he made confession of his guilt, and humbly implored forgiveness, and then, I believe, conducted the missionary safely to the end of his journey."

The children thanked Miss Martha very much for her story. They said it was very pleasant to hear stories of their own country. Then Miss Susan, who thought they had been sitting still, long enough, called out, "Who can play at thread the needle?" and in a minute, they were all dancing round and round her, until they were all wrapped about her, as the thread is on its reel. While they were unwinding themselves with the same ceremony they had used in the first process, saying, "Thread the needle, dan, dan, lift up the gates as wide as you can," Miss Mar-

tha sat on a piece of rock, that seemed as if it had been brought to that green hill on purpose to form a seat. As she looked down the green slope, her eyes appeared to pass over the blue lake that lay at the foot of the hill, and to rest for a moment on a squaw who was drawing up the bank the canoe in which she had paddled herself over the lake. Then she looked at an Indian encampment, which was on the rocky and barren hill opposite. When Miss Martha had considered these objects for a few minutes, she spoke to John, who stood near her. John said, "yes, ma'am," and went down the grassy hill, and turned to the right towards a fence which separated the hill on which they were, from a road passing over the bridge, and leading to the Indian encampment. When John returned, he told Miss Martha that he did not see a gate, but that he could easily take a few rails out of the fence if she wished to take the children that way. Miss Martha, looking at her watch, saw that it was half past four, and she gave each of the party a cake and an apple, and told them to be as happy as they could;—and indeed they seemed very happy. The day had not been too warm, and though they said little about the beauty of the scene which surrounded them, Miss Martha felt quite sure that it added to their enjoyment. The bright day and the pure air made them glad, just as it does the birds, who sing, they know not why.

Miss Susan asked the children if they wanted anything more to eat before they went home. They all said they had eaten a great many nice things, and would rather play than do anything else. Miss Susan saw that some of the baskets were still half filled with cold meat, and bread and cake, and she asked her sister what should be done with it. Miss Martha said, she had been thinking, that perhaps the Indians in the wigwams opposite, would be glad to have what was left, and she knew the children would like to go with her and carry it with them. The little girls were all very much pleased at this proposal, and wished to set out immediately, but Miss Martha told them, they would have time for one more game of play, while she prepared the baskets to be carried.

Just then, a lady and gentleman were seen coming towards them through the shrubs and trees. It was the father and mother of Grace. When they had come up, Grace's father asked the children if they had found any nuts on the bushes that grew there. They laughed, and some of them said they had too much sense to look for nuts on such bushes as those. The gentleman replied, those who were very sensible need not follow him, but if any little girls felt inclined to make an extraordinary discovery, he would shew them some trees that bore very

sweet fruit. Sweet fruit, indeed ! sugar plums, so large and real as to convince the most sensible, that it is wiser to use our powers of observation, than to say, we have too much sense for this or that.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INDIAN CAMP.

THE bonnets which had been tied to the trees, were now tied under the owners' chins, and all the party drew up in a line before Miss Martha. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—where is Jane?" Jane is still looking for sugar plums, but now she comes ; "ten, eleven, twelve—all safe, and all pleased with the day's amusement, are you not children?" The children said they had been very happy, and none seemed more so than Grace, who had claimed her place at her father's side, and securing one hand for herself and one for Jessy, led the way towards the little bridge. The others followed in pairs, and the three ladies walked last.

It was a beautiful afternoon. The blue lake, half gilded by the declining sun—half shadowed by the wood—the harbor glittering in the distance—the white sails gliding over it in various directions—the gentle wind stirring the branches of the trees—the brown hills of Dartmouth, and the untroubled summer sky ;—were not these enough for beauty and for happiness? Grace found it so. “Father,” said she, “George has a book that says it is a rigorous and inhospitable climate ; do you think that is true? I don’t believe there is a better climate any where.”

“To-day is certainly very lovely,” said her father, “but how many climates can you judge of, Grace? I was not aware that you had travelled so extensively, as to be able to pronounce on the comparative merits of all climates. And even this sky, and this water, you have seen look very different from their aspect this evening. Can you not remember the ice and wind of a few months ago? This lake was not then so calm, nor the harbor so bright.”

“Papa,” said Grace, “in the ‘Pet Lamb’, you know,—‘The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play, when they are angry, roar like lions for their prey ;’ but ought the men in George’s Geography, to say Nova Scotia is incapable of cultivation?”

“Nova Scotia, my dear, is a country in which we may

be very good and very happy, but while I wish my little girl to love it dearly, it should be with a wise affection."

"How, papa?"

"Can't you love it best without believing that its climate is milder, or its hills higher, or all its ways better than those of all the other countries in the world? You know that your father and mother are not the richest nor the handsomest people in the world, yet you love us best."

"Yes, papa, hills, and milder; but what climate is really better, pleasanter, healthier, than ours?"

"The Greenlanders think theirs the finest country on earth, and wonder how other nations can be so stupid as not to acknowledge its superiority." "Greenland!" said Grace, "how can they?" "Because, Grace, they love their country, but not with a wise affection."

"Do you love Nova Scotia with a wise affection, papa?" "I hope so," said her father, laughing, and Miss Martha, who had walked towards them, said,

'So the rough torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more?'

Our party had now reached the other side of the lake, and were beginning to ascend the hill on which stood the Indian encampment. Some boys were at play here, who came towards them and began to beg for coppers. Miss

Martha told the boys she would give them something from a basket she had in her hand, if they would show her the wigwam of old Paul, the chief. They pointed out one of the huts, and received their reward. They appeared particularly pleased with some large round biscuits, and began to bowl them down the sloping path. One great boy ran swifter than his companions, and picked up several of the biscuits, but being attacked by all the others, was quickly compelled to restore his booty ; then re-commenced the race, to the amusement of their young visitors. Farther up the hill, two young squaws were lying near a wigwam, under the shadow of a few small fir-trees. Miss Martha asked the squaws if that was Paul's wigwam. They smiled, and, raising herself slowly on her elbow, one of them pointed to a wigwam at a little distance. Miss Martha gave to them some of the provisions she had brought. The squaws thanked her in the gentle, sweet-toned voice peculiar to their people, but did not rise.

As they passed the next wigwam, a blanket was hastily dropped over the aperture used as a door. Presently they saw an old man cutting sticks with a hatchet. This old man was dressed in a brown coat, cut in the Indian fashion, with epaulets and trimming of red cloth. The cap he wore was brown like his coat, and surrounded by a band

of red cloth. In shape, it resembled a Scotch bonnet, and his white hair streamed from under it over his dusky cheeks. This venerable old man was the chief of the tribe. He was very glad when he saw Miss Martha. His wife was lying sick in his wigwam, and he hoped Miss Martha could think of something that would help her. The floor of the wigwam was covered with branches from the fir-trees, and on this carpet, wrapped in a blanket, lay the old squaw. A man was sitting at some distance from her, and Christina Morris, her niece, was working a chair-seat with bark and porcupine quills. Mary Paul, that was the name of the sick woman, said she wanted some tea and sugar, and Miss Martha promised to have some ready for her the next morning. She was to send one of her grandchildren for it.

Miss Martha had told the children to stand at a distance while she was speaking to Mary Paul. She feared they would disturb her if they came too near. Grace's father and mother stood talking with the old chief, who, at length, observing the children's anxiety to see the interior of a wigwam, permitted them to go, one by one, and look into that, where Miss Martha was with his sick wife. The children wondered how anybody could bear to lie in the middle of the wigwam without a pillow, and they wonder-

ed still more to see the fire on the ground, without either grate or chimney.

As they returned, on again passing the wigwam whose door had been closed by a blanket,—the blanket was drawn aside, and some young women showed their bright and handsome faces. “How pretty those girls are,” said Grace to her father, “and the old chief is very handsome.” “Why do they live in wigwams?” asked little Jessy. “I should think houses would be warmer and more comfortable.” “I suppose,” said Grace, “that the white people took away all their houses from them, but that was not right; I hope the French did not do it.”

Grace’s father explained to the little girls, that the Indians never had any houses;—that they were accustomed to their bark wigwams, and preferred them. He mentioned as one advantage, that they can be easily taken down and moved from one place to another. “Why do we call them savages,” said Grace? They do not seem to me to be savage—really savage, like a savage dog, a savage murder,” added she, illustrating her meaning by examples. Grace’s father tried to show her that savage is often used in opposition to civilized. He said the Indians were peaceable and honest, but they did not, as civilized people do, build houses and towns, and have shops and manufactures.

"They are so well-behaved," said Grace, "they never talk loudly, nor quarrel in the streets; they are not like the negroes;—are the negroes civilized, papa? Her father asked her which race she thought most readily learned the ways and customs of the whites. "I suppose the negroes," said Grace, "for they drive carts, and carry boxes, and live as servants in our houses; and I never saw the Indians do any work, except basket-making. I think the Indians are not industrious, are they? I do not believe they would help us to grind our corn now, if we were like the French at Port Royal, and had no mills."

Grace was silent for a minute, and then said decidedly, "Papa, I like savages better than civilized people."

"A startling announcement, Grace. Do you mean to leave me and your mother, and go to live with Paul and Mary in their wigwam?"

"No," said Grace; "but I don't wish the Indians to be civilized. Is Paul like Mambertou, do you think, papa? How did Mambertou look? Paul sounds like a civilized name. I wish this old chief was named Mambertou."

Her father said he did not know how Mambertou looked, but he could tell her something about him. "He had another name besides Mambertou—a civilized name, Grace, having been christened Henry, after the King of

France. When he was more than a hundred years old, he was very ill. He thought he should never be well again, and requested permission to be removed into the French fort. His white friends showed him the kindest attention ; but medicine could not cure him, and he died. Before his death, the priests had tried to persuade him to give his consent that his funeral should take place within the walls of the fort ; but he could not bear to be separated in death, from the warriors whose chief he had been while living. The Indians are very much attached to the graves of their fathers, and every year they pay a solemn visit to the burial place. At last, though with reluctance, he consented to be disposed of as they thought proper, and was buried at Port Royal, by the French, with the military honors due to the rank of a Commandant."

"That was because he was a chief," said Grace ; "but were there no Indians at his funeral?"

"Oh ! yes," said her father, "his funeral was attended by an immense concourse of Indians, who assembled round Port Royal in such numbers, that their watchfires illuminated the woods for many successive nights."

"I should not have been afraid of them," said Grace, "now that I know they are not the bad kind of savage—but only called so, because they live in the woods,—in wigwams, instead of living in towns."

Her father said he could tell her of some things they did, which, with all her partiality for savage life, would not please her. "Pontrincourt once sailed to Cape Cod, in search of a place farther south than Port Royal, at which to settle. He put into a harbor there, and one day some Indians stole a hatchet from his men. Two guns were fired at them, and they fled; but, the next day, a shower of arrows was discharged among Pontrincourt's people, and two of them were killed. These two men were buried at the foot of a cross which he had put up when he landed, and while the funeral service was performed, the Indians were dancing and yelling in mockery. When the French embarked, the Indians took down the cross, dug up the bodies, and stripped them of their grave clothes, which they carried off in triumph."

Grace was glad that these savages were not her friends at Port Royal, but, as the party were now beginning to leave the boat, the conversation which had been carried on amidst various interruptions, was broken off.

CHAPTER V.

THE STEAMER.

“I have never yet learned,” said Grace, one morning “who was the governor of Nova Scotia, when the priest was so near being killed by his Indian guide in the woods.”

“Don’t you remember Pontrincourt who said he would live in Port Royal, if no other Frenchmen did? When DeMonts did not go back to Acadia, the King of France made Pontrincourt governor in his place, and told him, that he must receive two missionaries, whom he should send for the conversion of the savages. Now Pontrincourt did not like the Jesuit priests, and did not want them at Port Royal, so he did not treat them with much respect, and I suppose they were not very comfortable.”

“Was Father Beart one of them,” asked Grace?

“Yes, and while the Governor was in France, his son Biencourt plainly shewed the priests, that he thought them

intruders. They wrote to France about the treatment they received at Port Royal."

"What could the French do about it? they could not make Biencourt like the priests, could they?"

"No, but there was a lady in France named Madame de Goucherville, who was very anxious that the Indians should be taught by the Priests, and she sent a vessel to Acadia, with all things necessary to begin a new colony. M. Saussaye commanded the vessel, and two priests accompanied him."

"Two more! what will Biencourt do now!"

"You forget, Grace, they are not going to stay at Port Royal. Monsieur Saussaye showed his papers to the governor and then took Father Beart and the other missionary, and sailed away to LaHave. Where is that, do you know, Grace?"

"Yes," said Grace, "last summer you went to Lunenburg in the Steamer, and you told me LaHave was about nine miles from Lunenburg."

"Haliburton says, the Jesuits chose Mount Desert for their settlement, and erected a cross and called the place St. Saviour. I saw an island called Mount Desert near the village of LaHave; perhaps that was the very spot; but there are no houses there now, at least I only saw

trees. There were twenty five emigrants and thirty five sailors, belonging to the vessels, of M. Saussaye and they soon cleared some ground and put up some buildings."

"I suppose they will be very happy here, where no body can call them intruders."

"They were disappointed again," said George, "an enemy soon made his appearance to disturb them."

"Oh," said Grace, "those cruel Indians from Cape Cod, that stole the grave clothes of the people they had killed."

"No, it was a civilized enemy," said George.

"Surely Biencourt did not go there, did he, brother?"

"No, you have not guessed right: it was the English."

"Why, said Grace, "who went to tell the English of them? If it was Biencourt, I think he was very spiteful, and I don't like him at all."

"He did not tell them, they found it out somehow. I do not remember exactly how it was, sir;" and George looked at his father.

"The English had formed some settlements previous to this time in Virginia and in Bermuda," said his father, "and in 1613, Captain Argall came with a number of English vessels, to fish on the coast of Acadia. He heard that some white people were living at Mount Desert, and from the description he received of them, he thought they

must be Frenchmen. France and England were not at war at this time, but Argall resolved to attack these French settlers, and punish them for trespassing on the limits of Virginia."

Grace laughed aloud. "He could not have known much of geography," said she. "I will run for my map of North America, and show you how far Nova Scotia is from Virginia. Here is Virginia, George, and Nova Scotia is far above it—a thousand miles nearer the North Pole, I should think. I hope Saussaye had an Atlas with a map of North America in it, to shew Captain Argall what a mistake he had made, and then, I suppose he would make a polite apology to the French people, and sail away to Virginia again, with all the fish he had caught."

"Your way of managing the affair," said her father, "would, I am sure, have been more pleasing to the French than the course pursued by Argall."

"Why," said Grace, "what did he do?"

"All the country in North America, lying between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth degree of north latitude, had been granted by the King of England to two companies of English, and Argall considered Acadia as belonging to them. It was in what was then called North Virginia." Grace placed her finger on the forty-fifth line of latitude ;

she saw that La Have was south of it, and her father told George to go on with his story.

“The people were busy at work in different places, not suspecting that an enemy was near, when Argall sailed into their harbor. He soon took possession of two vessels that lay at anchor, and then landed his men to attack the fort. One of the priests was killed, and the other Frenchmen, who saw that the English were too strong for them, fled to the woods. While they were away, Argall found the commission, given to Saussaye by the King of France, and concealed it.”

“What did he do that for?” asked Grace. “Would it be of any use to him? Was it made of gold?”

Her father told her it was only a written paper, which shewed he had the authority of the King of France for what he did. “If Saussaye had not received this commission, he would have been regarded as a pirate, who had taken a country to which he had no right. As England and France were at peace, Argall preferred to consider these poor French people as pirates, and for this reason he hid the paper.”

“I don’t see why he wanted them to be pirates,” said Grace.

“Wait till I have finished,” said George, “and then

you will see. The next day, Saussaye came out of the woods and surrendered himself. Argall asked him by what authority he had dared to form a settlement on land belonging to the English. Saussaye said he had a commission from the King of France, which he would shew to him. He looked every where, among his papers, but of course, was unable to find it. Poor fellow, I fancy he looked very blank when he had to own that he had lost it."

"What did Argall do then?" asked Grace, impatient to hear the end of the story.

"He told Saussaye that it was plain he was a pirate, and ordered the place to be pillaged."

"Pillaged," said Grace—"that can't be the same as scalped; he would not order the men to be scalped, I hope."

"No, it means he took all their property—every thing they had in their houses—money and clothes, and made the people prisoners. He gave them a small vessel, and told them they might go back to France, but the vessel was not large enough to take them all; then he said those who were willing to work, might go with him to Jamestown, in Virginia. On their arrival at Jamestown, the French were put in prison, and condemned to be executed as pirates."

“Did Argall mean to kill them when he took them with him?”

“No; and when he saw what was to be the end of his concealing the commission, he was very much shocked. He went to the Governor of Virginia, and told him that he had promised these men that they should be well treated, and that they had come willingly, because they believed his promises. The Governor answered that Argall had no right to make such promises, and that he should not pay any regard to them. Then Argall saw plainly that nothing would save the lives of the poor Frenchmen but the discovery of the whole truth. He confessed to the Governor that he had hidden Saussaye’s commission, in order to be able to pillage the settlement, by calling the people pirates.”

“I am glad he told the truth at last,” said Grace. “Did the Governor see the commission?”

“Yes, Argall gave it to him, and the lives of the prisoners were saved.”

“And he punished Argall, I suppose, for being so wicked and deceitful.”

“You shall see,” said George. “By reading this commission, the Virginian Governor found out that there was another French settlement in Acadia, and he immediately determined to send some vessels to drive them out of the

country. The command of this expedition was given to Argall."

"I am afraid the Governor is as bad as Argall himself," was Grace's comment.

"They did not know the way to Port Royal, and Beart offered to conduct them,—yes, Grace, Father Beart, who was glad of an opportunity to be revenged on Biencourt."

"And did Argall take Port Royal, too?"

"Yes, Biencourt was at some distance surveying the country, and when Argall landed, he found the fort abandoned, and took possession of it. He then sailed up the river Laquille, with his boats, to see the fields, barns and mills of the colony. He did not injure these things, but destroyed the fort. By this time Biencourt had returned and had an interview with the English commander; not in the fort, for that was destroyed, nor in the English ships, which Biencourt would have thought unsafe, but in a meadow with a few of their followers. Biencourt wanted to be allowed to stay at Port Royal, and he offered if the English would consent to that, and would give up to him the Jesuit Beart, to show them in return, the mines he had discovered, and to grant them a share in the fur trade."

"I suppose he wanted to punish the priest; did Argall let him?"

“The English captain told him that he had no power to make any agreement of the kind ; he had been sent to drive him out, and he threatened to treat him as an enemy if he should ever find him there again. And now, Grace, while they were disputing, something happened.”

“Is it something dreadful ? Perhaps an earthquake suddenly swallowed them all up. I was reading in a book yesterday about ——”

“No, Grace, it was not an earthquake nor a volcano that suddenly approached them.”

“Did great Anacondas live in Acadia ?” asked Grace, with eyes dilated at the terrible idea ?

“You are always expecting horrors,—it was something pleasant that happened this time ; can you guess ?”

“The King of England sent one of his Admirals in a beautiful great ship, to tell Argall that the French might stay at Port Royal, and they all lived happily together, and built more houses, and, —— or, George, perhaps they agreed to go and build Halifax ; I am so glad.”

“Do not rejoice too soon—it was no admiral, but a much more humble messenger of peace, who made his appearance.”

“Was it Beart come to give himself up to Biencourt ?” asked Grace.

“It was an Indian who approached, and in broken French, tried to make peace between them.”

“I hope he succeeded—the dear, good Indian,” exclaimed Grace.

“He did; the English went away; some of the French went to Canada; some went further into the country and lived with the savages; and some were carried to England and got back to France, and so ended Argall’s visit to Acadia.”

Grace’s mother said, she thought the scene between Argall and Biencourt would make a good picture. The Frenchmen, their English rivals, and the mediating savage who wonders why those who seem to him of the same nation, should be at strife.

“And the meadow, and the ships in the harbour,” said Grace.

“And the ruined fort,” added George.

“Perhaps,” said their father, Nova Scotia may hereafter have among her sons, some artist to illustrate his country’s history, who may select this incident for his pencil. But what is that gun? Is it the Steamer, from Boston?”

Grace saw it from the window. “There it comes with its tall red chimney, and its smoke. How fast it comes, and how long it is; you great Leviathan, as uncle John

says—we are not afraid of you, though you do fire a gun, and though your decks are covered with people ;—we know you are not an enemy.”

“It comes from the south-west, Grace, where Virginia lies.”

“I am not going to run away and hide in the woods, if it does.”

“If it were an enemy,” said George, “our citadel is stronger than the fort at Port Royal ; we should soon make the harbor too hot for them.”

Grace was still laughing at the thought of the harbor being made hot, when her father called to her to get her bonnet, and accompany him to the Steamer.

In the streets they met groups of persons, whom they knew to be strangers ;—ladies in travelling dresses, and green veils ; and gentlemen in moustaches and caps ; some were inquiring their way, and all were looking about them with curiosity. On the wharf, men were at work, carrying bags of coal into the Steamer, which lay, breathing very loud, Grace said, as if resting itself. It looked longer now than it did at a distance, and, with a heart, one half given to expectation, and the other to fear, she stepped on the planks laid down to form a bridge between the side of the vessel and the wharf.

Grace saw a long room, with tables, and seats all round the tables ; her father told her this was the saloon. She thought the walls were of beautifully carved oak, and could scarcely credit her father's assertion that they were made of stamped leather. "Why do they hang the side-board to the ceiling?" she asked ; "and why do all the glasses fit into holes, just as the decanters do in a cellaret?"

A lady who was sitting in the saloon, with her bonnet on, waiting to go on shore, smiled pleasantly at Grace, and described to her the manner in which they had been tossed on the ocean during a storm, and then Grace understood why it was necessary to have every thing well secured in a ship. She next saw the pantry. A man was standing at an open drawer, nearly filled with the lumps of white sugar, which he was breaking into it. This particularly pleased Grace, and the bright waiters, and the tea cups hanging in rows. She thought nothing could be more delightful than going to sea. Then the lady took her down some stairs, and showed her a little room with sofas all around it ; she told her this was the ladies' cabin. It had a pretty little grate in it, a table in the middle and some looking glasses on the walls. Grace asked why they had so many closets, and begged the lady to show her a state room. She said, she had always heard that people slept in

state-rooms at sea. She was very much disappointed to learn that the only state-rooms were those closets she had noticed, and she told the lady she thought they were called state-rooms because of their grandeur.

If Grace was surprised at the smallness of the state-rooms,—she was equally so at the great size of the fires. Dangerously large as they looked to her, the engine-men all black and heated, were busy throwing on more coal, and yet more. Grace looked at them as long as she dared, then asked to go up on the deck above.

The kind lady still held her by the hand, when Grace suddenly looking up in her face, said, “Did you ever read Haliburton’s History of Nova Scotia?”

“No,” said the lady, “I never did, but what makes you think of that book now, my dear?”

“I was wondering,” said Grace, “what the Indians and Acadians, who had fields, and barns and mills on the Laquille River, at Port Royal, would have thought if this Steamer had come into their harbour, with all its smoke and noise.” The lady said she thought the Indians would have run away at such a sight, and hid themselves in the woods.

She must have read at least a part of it, thought Grace, or how would she know about the woods?

Grace's father at this moment joined her, and the captain of the Steamer came to tell the lady that her son was waiting on the wharf, with a carriage. The lady turned to Grace's father, "I shall not remain on shore more than an hour, should I be asking too great a favor, if I beg to retain this little girl with me for that length of time?—she will point out her home to me, and I will leave her there in safety."

To tell all that Grace said to this lady during their hour's drive, would be to give the history of Nova Scotia, so far as Grace knew it. She reached home before her mother had become anxious about her, and in time to send a large bouquet of flowers to her new friend.

CHAPTER VI.

A NOVA SCOTIA HEROINE.

"George, the Steamboat lady called me a Haligonian, and I said, no, I was a Nova Scotian;—till she explained to me that the people of Halifax are Haligonians, just as the people of Nova Scotia are Nova Scotians; but how did Acadia turn into Nova Scotia?"

“Wait a moment,” said George, “let me think—I suppose it must have been when some Scotchmen came to live in it. Scotia, I know means Scotland, and Nova means new.”

“Yes, that is it,” cried Grace, “old Mr. Douglas Scott you know who lives at the corner: I think he is one of the Scotchmen who named it; he is very old, and his hair is white as snow; and when he walks he totters, and his head is bent forward, and you know what droll shoes he wears. He must have been here ever since Halifax was built.”

“Now don’t tell me any more of your queer fancies, Grace, but wait, without speaking a word, for a few moments, and I will tell you when Acadia was first called Nova Scotia.”

George consulted his book, and then began, “It was when James the first was king of England. Sir William Alexander told King James, if the English did not settle the country to the East of New England, the French would take possession of it. As this gentleman seemed to take an interest in the country, the king gave it to him by the name of Nova Scotia.”

“That is a very good name,” said Grace. “Scotland lies next to England, and New Scotland is next to New England, for I suppose it took in New Brunswick.”

Her brother told her he thought she was right, as the river St. John is often mentioned, and that is in New Brunswick. "Well, Sir William Alexander sent some body to take possession of Port Royal, which was very easily done."

"How long was it after Argall's visit?"

"About ten years," said George. "His ships also took some French vessels. In one of them, was a French protestant, named Claude de La Tour, who was going to take possession of some land on the river St. John, which had been granted to him by the French government. Both nations, you see, claimed a right to the Country, and the English King gave a grant to one man, and the French King gave a grant to another. This, bye and bye, made a great deal of trouble. While La Tour stayed in England he married a maid of honor to the Queen, and agreed to settle Nova Scotia with Scotch people. He told the English, his son had command of a fort in the service of the French, but he had no doubt that he would immediately give it up to him. So two ships were given him, and he sailed over the ocean, and came to the fort at Cape Sable where his son was. He told him of the honors which the English had conferred on him, and said if his son would submit to their Government, they would bestow like favors on him.

When young LaTour heard his father propose that he should become a traitor, and surrender the fort which had been given him to guard, he was very angry indeed, he told his father that he was incapable of treason, and that he would defend his fort with his life, rather than give it up to the English.

LaTour was very much surprised when he found his son would not yield to him, and he wrote him a long letter in very affectionate language, in which he begged him to submit and not reduce him to the necessity of fighting against his own son. But his son was firm, and LaTour landed his men and attacked the fort.

“Do you think the son was wrong not to obey his father,” asked Grace ?

“No, I do not,” said George. “I think it would have been base to betray his trust for the sake of the benefits he hoped to receive from the enemies of his country.”

“What happened next ? Did they kill each other ?”

“When LaTour had fought against his son for two days, so many of his men were killed or wounded, that he saw he should not be able to take the fort.”

“What did he do then ?” said Grace. “I suppose the English would not believe him again.”

“He was afraid they would not, and he felt ashamed

to go back to England, so, sending the surviving men on board, he permitted the vessels to sail without him. Neither did he dare to go to France, and he was obliged to ask his son to receive him, not as a conqueror, but out of compassion."

Grace said she should think young LaTour would be very glad to have his father to live with him, when he had no longer any soldiers to take the fort.

"He allowed him to remain in his neighbourhood, but would not suffer him to come into the fort."

"And did he always live there," asked Grace, and is that the end of the story?"

"Listen, my impatient little sister. The next year LaTour joined some Scotch emigrants who were at Port Royal, and soon after that, Sir William Alexander gave him, his title to the whole of Nova Scotia."

"What did he do that for?" asked Grace indignantly, "did he not like Nova Scotia himself?"

George told her that so many people had died during the first winter, and the expense attending the colony had been so great, that Sir William Alexander became discouraged.

"And now," said Grace, "LaTour will be the master again and he will build Halifax." George shook his head.

"Have we not come to Halifax yet?"

“I will tell you,” said her brother, “what the King of England, Charles the First did. He had been at war with the King of France, and when he made peace with him, he gave up not only Canada, which his armies had taken from the French, but Nova Scotia too.” Grace looked both surprised and displeased, but, she said she supposed the King of England had never been in Nova Scotia, and did not know about it. She asked if LaTour, who had joined the English was not now obliged to go away. George told her he could not tell what became of Claude LaTour—there was a good deal more in the history, but it seemed after this to mean young LaTour, the son, who defended the fort at Cape Sable against his father. “His name was Charles Etienne LaTour, and he had large grants of land from the French. Another Frenchman named Charnisé, had the lands further to the west, in what is now Maine. These two quarrelled, and Charnisé wrote to the King of France, representing LaTour as a bad and troublesome man. The French King, Louis XIII gave Charnisé permission to arrest LaTour, and send him to France.

LaTour went to Boston to ask the English there to help him; and at first they promised to do so, but afterwards they were afraid of Charnisé, and did not keep their promise. While these things were happening, Madam La

Tour was in England on business. When she wished to return to her home on the River St. John, she engaged with the master of a vessel to take her there. But, instead of sailing to the St. John, this man went first to the St. Lawrence, where he stayed as long as he wanted to trade with the Indians, after which he went to Boston, where he set the lady on shore."

"Oh, will she ever get home after going to so many wrong places?"

"Yes, Grace, at last she arrived at the fort on the St. John."

"How glad she must have been when safe at home, again," said Grace.

"She had not much time to congratulate herself," said her brother, "for when Charnisé heard that she was in the fort, and her husband absent with some of his men, he thought it would be a good time to attack it."

"Oh! dear," said Grace, "he will take her prisoner, and put her in a ship and send her sailing about again."

"She defended the fort so well," said George, "that Charnisé's vessel was very much injured, and twenty of his men were killed, and many others wounded, so that he was obliged to go away."

"I dare say he was very sorry that he had ever tried to take the fort."

“I think he must have been out of temper,” said George, “for he did a very cruel thing soon after, to some poor sailors from Boston. He heard that the people of Boston had had some dealings with La Tour, and to show them that he was angry, he put some sailors, whom he took out of a vessel belonging to Massachusetts, on an island. He took away their clothes, and kept the men as prisoners for six days, and then sent them away in a boat.”

Grace asked if the Bostonians did not immediately join La Tour against Charnisé, to punish him for his cruelty.

“They did not wish to offend Charnisé,” said George, “and they sent him presents, and remained at peace with him.”

“The poor fellows who had been on the island, did not send him any present, I am sure,” said Grace, “and what became of Madam La Tour at last?”

“It is a sad story,” said George; “some one told Charnisé that La Tour had again left his wife at the fort on the St. John, with a very small garrison. She had but very few men to fight for her, but the defence was managed so well, for three days, that Charnisé was glad to move to a greater distance.

There was a Swiss in the fort, whom he found means to bribe, and this traitor showed Charnisé’s men how they

might get into the fort. When Madam La Tour found the enemy ascending the wall, she was not afraid but went boldly to fight with them;—and her men still made so brave a resistance, that Charnisé began to think their number must be greater than he had been informed, and, fearing the disgrace of being a second time defeated by a woman, he proposed to capitulate.”

“To capitulate?” repeated Grace.

“Yes, that is, she should surrender the fort, if he, on his side, would promise to spare the lives of the brave men who had assisted her to defend it.—But Charnisé was no sooner in the fort, than he was sorry he had signed such a treaty, and he wickedly ordered all the garrison to be hanged, except one man, whose life he spared on condition that he would put the others to death.”

“I would never have done that,” cried Grace, “I would rather have been hanged a hundred times; and did he hang poor Madam La Tour also?”

“He did not hang her, but he compelled her to stand on the scaffold with a halter round her neck, and to witness the death of her faithful servants.”

“That must have been dreadful,” said Grace, sorrowfully.

“It was more than she could bear; she died soon after.”

“And what did La Tour do when he heard it all?”

“Charnisé had taken all the stores and the valuable things which he found in the fort, and La Tour was now poor as well as grieved, and for a time he had no hope of ever regaining his possessions. At last some persons in Boston, who were friendly towards him, gave him a vessel in which he went to trade with the Indians. He was not very grateful for this kindness, if it is true, as some say, that he put the English, who were in charge of the vessel, on shore, in an uninhabited part of the coast.”

“That was being as bad as Charnisé,” said Grace, “I don’t know which I dislike most, Charnisé or Argall; but I think Charnisé, for Argall you know repented, and told the truth, and he made friends with Biencourt, when the Indian talked to them in broken French in the meadow.—Did these poor men die of hunger, George?”

“No, after wandering for fifteen days, they met some Indians.”

“Ah!” exclaimed Grace, “the cruel Indians from Cape Cod—and they killed them and scalped them, and stole their grave clothes—no, they would not have grave clothes—nor coffins either, I suppose.”

“I should think not,” said George, “nor did they need any at this time, since these Indians were friendly and

gave them a boat and something to eat, and one of them went in the boat as pilot."

"I am so glad," said Grace; "I think the Indians are better Christians,—than LaTour and Charnisé."

"They were certainly much more merciful to these poor men," said her brother.

"And now, I suppose the Bostonians will send La Tour a present, as they did Charnisé when he did the same thing."

George said he did not know how this was; and went on with his story. "After La Tour had left the men at Cape Sable, he went to Hudson's Bay, and there he remained trading with the Indians, until he heard of the death of Charnisé."

"Was he not glad when his enemy was dead, and he could have Nova Scotia for his own again?"

"He married the widow of Charnisé, but did not long remain undisturbed. He still had some enemies who were planning his destruction, when Oliver Cromwell, who was then Protector of England, sent out a force, to which La Tour and the others were equally obliged to submit."

"I should think La Tour would not live much longer," said Grace, "he must be so tired of fighting."

“He was not sorry that the English had possession of the country ; his countrymen, you know, had not behaved very well to him. He went to England, was well received by Cromwell, and reinstated in his Nova Scotia possessions, but I suppose he was afraid some other change should occur, and he sold them to Sir Thomas Temple.”

CHAPTER VII.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

When Grace next met her brother at dinner, she could not ask him about Sir Thomas Temple, because her father and mother were conversing, and she knew she must not interrupt them. After dinner, George went to his own room, and returning with a fishing line in his hand, he sat down by the window to mend it. Grace watched his proceedings for some time, at length she said, “I wish, brother, if it would not interrupt you, you would be so kind as to tell me what Sir Thomas Temple did, while he was Governor of Nova Scotia ;—did he build Halifax ?”

“He spent a great deal of money in fortifying various places, and perhaps he would have got rich with the trade

in fur and fish, if the English had not again given up the country to the French."

"How strange!" said Grace, "if people cared enough about Nova Scotia to fight for it, I should think they would care enough to keep it when they had it."

"Cromwell was dead now, and Charles the second was King of England. Sir Thomas Temple tried to keep a part of his possessions, by pleading that the country of Acadia had been given up, and that his lands were in Nova Scotia, and not in Acadia; but he did not succeed."

"I suppose the French will not guard it well, this time," said Grace, "as the English of course get it again; but will you tell me why they did not care more about it, and send plenty of soldiers to defend it, and men and women to live here, and build towns?"

"I suppose they were very ignorant in those days," said her brother, and——

Their mother said she thought the idea prevailed that Nova Scotia contained no mines, and this supposition deterred settlers from coming to it. The gold and silver which had been brought to Europe, from South America and Mexico, were so attractive to the people, that they considered a country without these metals as scarcely deserving attention. At that time the fisheries and the fur trade were considered the only resources of Nova Scotia.

“I do not know the meaning of resources,” said Grace. “It is not any kind of metal, I know, because I heard the Steamer lady ask my father what were the resources of this country, and he mentioned potatoes and cod-fish first of all.”

Grace’s mother explained to her the meaning of resources, and then told her that the French inhabitants were so much discouraged by the attacks of the English, that they did not make much progress in cultivating the land.

“How long did they remain at peace now?” asked Grace.

“Until 1689, a period of twenty years.”

Grace thought that a long time, and that the French might have done a great deal in twenty years.

“Several plans had been proposed for making roads, and for assisting the people in other ways, but none of these had been carried into effect, when the war again broke out, and the English at Boston, sent forces against them, who dismantled their Forts and took many of the inhabitants prisoners. The unfortunate Acadians were left in so defenceless a state, that they were open to the attacks of more pirates, who came on shore in the very neighbourhood of Port Royal and did a great deal of mischief. They killed the cattle, cruelly hanged some of

the people, and, setting fire to a dwelling house, the whole family were burned in the flames."

"And then did it belong to the English or French?" asked Grace.

"The English considered it as conquered, and annexed it to Massachusetts; but the French were still in possession of it. Every year, they sent out ships with supplies of ammunition for the Indians; and, as the Indians generally used these in fighting against the English, the government of Massachusetts, resolved to intercept the expected vessels. I think Grace, I have used three words, whose meaning you do not know; *annexed*, *ammunition*, and *intercept*."

Grace knew that annexed meant added or joined, and that to intercept was to cut off, or take, but she thought ammunition was the same as ginger beer and soda biscuits. "George," she said "called those things his ammunition one day when he was going out to fish."

"It means powder and ball, as I used it my dear," said her mother. "The English were not successful in their attempt to take the French vessels; they even lost one of their own, and a fort garrisoned by New-England troops was afterwards attacked by the French and Indians, and some cruelties committed by the latter."

"It seems," said Grace, "as if the French would get Nova Scotia back again; or did the Massachusetts people send more vessels and soldiers?"

"I will tell you what happened next," said George, "Colonel Church with five hundred men was sent to Cumberland."

"Did the Acadians fight?" asked Grace.

"Most of them fled into the woods, but one respectable man surrendered, and asked protection for himself and his family. He was well received, and permission was given him to invite his countrymen to return to the homes they had abandoned. When a good many had done so, the English heard that there were Indians with the French who still remained concealed in the woods, and they proposed to those who had surrendered, to join with them in pursuit of the Indians, promising if they complied, to restore the property which had been taken from them."

"But if the Indians were friendly to the French, they would not consent to that," said Grace; "did they betray the Indians, George?"

"No, they were not induced to be false to their friends."

Grace said she was glad of that, and hoped Colonel Church would think the more highly of them for it.

"I am sorry, Grace, to be obliged to tell you, that when the Acadians refused to comply with this ungenerous

request, their houses were burned, their cattle destroyed; and the soldiers robbed them of every thing; they even burned their church."

"I think," said Grace, "they are very much to be pitied; people are always fighting about them and being cruel to them, and nobody takes any care of them."

"When Church returned to Boston after this expedition they gave him more forces and sent him to attack the French at the fort on the St. John river; but he found that place so well defended that he was compelled to return without effecting his object. His failure induced the people of Massachusetts to petition the English government to provide a garrison for Nova Scotia, as they found themselves unable to protect it."

"Now Massachusetts has given it up," said Grace; "every body wants it, and every body gives it up;—but this time it stays English, I suppose, and will never belong to the French any more."

"Yes," George said, "it was once more relinquished when the English made peace with France in 1696."

"Peace?" said Grace, "at all events, I am glad they are going to have a little peace."

"The peace existed rather in name than in reality, on this side the Atlantic, I should think," said George.

“The French appear to have done all they could to encroach on the territory of the English settlers, and to prevent them from fishing. They even invited the pirates who infested those seas, to come to La Have, and assist them in committing depredations on the trade of Massachusetts. Much of the money and merchandize which was obtained in this dishonest manner, was given to the Indians to encourage them in undertaking hostilities against the people of New England.”

“Oh! that is too bad in time of peace,” said Grace, “what did the New Englanders do in return? I suppose they fought; they always seem willing to fight for themselves, though they would not take the trouble to save poor Madame LaTour from that cruel Charnisé.”

“Yes, they fought,” said George, “They sent out Colonel Church with five hundred and fifty soldiers, to retaliate on the French Settlements.”

“Retaliate?” said Grace, “I hope that does not mean any thing very cruel.”

“It means tit for tat,” said George laughing; and their mother having explained its meaning, he proceeded. “Church devastated Chiegnecto, which is now called Cumberland;—Minas, now Horton; and several other places, but I do not remember that the history gives any account of an attack on the pirates at La Have.”

“That is strange,” said Grace, “I should have gone there, the very first.”

“I suppose” said her mother, “they were more anxious to do mischief to the French, than to fight with them. As the people of Massachusetts had been so much harassed by the French in Nova Scotia, you will easily believe they were well pleased, when the English government decided to send a force sufficient to effect its conquest. It was on the 17th of May, 1707, that the English arrived at Port Royal. The French commander was a very good soldier, and had a great many Indians to help him. The Indians were under the command of Baron Castine, (a French gentleman), who had married an Indian woman and had lived among them for many years. They were greatly attached to him, and fought so well that the English, who had also suffered from illness, decided to give up their enterprise. Three years afterwards, in 1710, they were more successful, and the French were obliged to capitulate. This happened in the ninth year of Queen Anne’s reign.”

“We began in Henry the Seventh,” said Grace, “and now we are at Queen Anne, and not a word of Halifax yet. How did the French like losing Nova Scotia this time?”

“Not at all,” said her brother, “they began now to see how important it was to them, and they felt sure, if they

did not reconquer it, England would never again voluntarily give it up. The governor of Canada, I suppose you know Canada was French then, could spare no troops to attempt its recovery, but he appointed the Baron Castine to the chief command in Nova Scotia, and begged him to strengthen, as much as possible, the loyalty of the Acadians. The priests, too, were exhorted to be zealous in retaining the affections of the Indians. Some attempts were also made for the recovery of Port Royal, but none had succeeded when peace was concluded between the two countries, and Nova Scotia was for ever given up to the English."

"That is a comfort," said Grace. "I am glad I did not live before that happened. I should not like to wake up in a morning, and not know whether I was French or English."

"Or Indian," said her brother.

"No," said Grace laughing, "I could tell if I was Indian or not by my skin." Then Grace thanked her mother and brother for the trouble they had taken in answering her questions. She said, it was very pleasant to know something of the history of one's own country. "I only wish, mother, that I had known it all to tell the English lady from the Steamer. She liked so much to

hear,—and now she does not know the rest,—nor about Madame LaTour nor Colonel Church. I dare say she is thinking it very strange that the English have Nova Scotia now.”

“She can read it for herself,” said George, who was just putting what he called the finishing strokes, to his work.

“Yes, but she has not got Haliburton’s History,” said Grace, “she told me so. I do wish she would come again, now I know the rest, and I could tell her,—she would be so sorry to hear about poor Madame LaTour.”

“And you want her to come just to be made sorry ; but Grace do you think you know all the history of Nova Scotia yet ?”

Grace hesitated, and then replied. “All except about Halifax being built.” She was quite surprised, when her brother told her she had the history of more than a hundred and thirty years yet to learn. She was very much pleased however, at the prospect of future conversations on the subject, and said, “what a pity it is George, that your holidays are nearly over. “One more day’s fishing,” said her brother, “and I must resign my rod for Dr. Fretum’s. Have you learned to write yet, Grace ?”

“Grace can write very neatly,” said her mother, who

saw the little girl look rather hurt that her brother could suppose it possible she did not know how to write.

“So I suppose, and I was going to ask her to write to me sometimes while I am away. I shall not be at home again till Christmas, and then,” said he, looking admiringly at his completed work, “then I shall want skates instead of fishing tackle.”

CHAPTER VIII.

MORE FIGHTING.

It was some time after George had left home, and the mornings and evenings were beginning to be cold, when an old squaw, who was a great favourite with Grace, made her appearance, tired and travel-worn. Grace took her into the kitchen, where Madeline and her two dogs, her constant companions, seated themselves on the floor.

“Old squaw very tired,” said she—“walk long way—no have much to eat at all to-day.” The cook gave her a bowl of warm coffee and a plate of meat, but the old woman, hungry as she was, would not touch them until she had succeeded in extracting from her bundle, and pre-

sending to Grace, a little canoe she had made for her. It was very pretty. It was made of birch bark, fastened together by stitches of the sinews of the deer. In it were seated a miniature Indian and a Squaw, who had a papoose in its wooden case on her back. The squaw held a paddle in her hand, and the Indian was equipped for the chase.

“See, mamma,” said Grace, running up stairs, “see what dear old Madeline has given me. I am so glad I saved the money Uncle John gave me, to buy her a petticoat, because now I can send it to the Steamer lady. You know she told me she never saw Indians in a canoe, and—”

“And are you going to send her a squaw’s petticoat, because she never saw Indians in a canoe,” asked her father?

“Oh, no! papa; I am going to give the petticoat to old Madeline, and send the canoe to the lady; that is, I should like to send it, if you are willing, and if I knew where the lady lived, and what her name was. I think she would like it, for she is very fond of Nova Scotia, and told me herself that she would like to see me again, and hear more about it.”

Grace’s father thought, as he took the canoe from his little daughter, that it was not very strange a lady should

express a wish to see that pleasant face again. He looked at the canoe, which was very neatly made ; he said he would try to find the lady to whom Grace wished to give it, if she thought she could keep it safely until he had made inquiries. Grace said she could, and asked her mother if she might now give the petticoat to the old squaw. Her mother gave permission, and when Grace re-appeared in the kitchen with the new garment hanging over her arm, it is hard to say which was most pleased—the child, or the equally simple old woman.

“Mamma,” said Grace, that evening, “you are not reading, may I talk to you a little ?”

“Yes, my dear,” said her mother.

“I want to know about the Acadians after Nova Scotia was finally given up to the English. You know, mamma, there are a hundred and fifty years before George comes home.

“Ah !” said her father, “are George’s holidays so far off as that ?” Grace explained to her father’s satisfaction, and then turned to her mother. “I do not know anything that happened after this, said she, sorrowfully—not one event in the whole hundred and fifty years.”

“I think you do,” said her mother. “Can you not tell me the name given by the English to Port Royal ?”

“Annapolis Royal, in honor of Queen Anne,” answered Grace.

“There is one fact, Grace.”

“Yes, mamma ; and now it seems as if I could go on, but before, I felt as if every thing had come to an end.”

Her mother understood this feeling of discouragement, which all students have experienced in a greater or less degree, and she said, smiling cheerfully on her little girl, “Do you know where Cape Breton is ? We are going to hear a good deal about a town the French built in that island.”

Grace found Cape Breton, and her mother told her to look on the southern coast for Louisburg.

“I am glad, mamma, there is some place for the Acadians, now that the English have taken Port Royal, I mean Annapolis, from them.

“They were invited, as well as the Indians of Nova-Scotia, to emigrate to Louisburg ; many of the Indians accepted this invitation, but the Acadians did not wish to leave their farms, and other property.”

“So they stayed and became friendly to the English, I suppose,” said Grace.

“They submitted to their government my dear, and after some time, took the oath of fidelity to King George,

with the understanding that they should never be asked to fight against their countrymen. They were allowed to enjoy their religion, and they were not compelled to pay any rent or taxes."

"I think they were treated very well," said Grace, and did not need to move to Cape Breton ; but why did the Nova Scotia Indians go there ? Did they like the French best ?"

"Yes, the French had always regarded the attachment of the Indians as of more importance to them than forts and garrisons, and had taken great pains to secure their good will. They had also taught them to dread and dislike the English, who, in consequence of this hostility, suffered severely."

"Will you tell me some things the Indians did," asked Grace. "I hope they were not as bad as the Cape Cod Indians."

"I do not know that I can tell you all the mischief they did, but I will give you the best account in my power. The English had a capital fishing establishment at Canseau, which they entirely destroyed, and then went to dispose of their plunder at Louisburg. At another time, they killed and scalped five persons near Canseau ; and a year or two after, again surprising that place, they put

nine of the inhabitants to death in a very cruel manner. Twenty prisoners were carried to Merliguish, now Lunenburg, whom they meant to sacrifice to those of their friends who had fallen in the engagement.

“Oh! I am afraid they are really savages now,” said Grace. “Did not something happen to save the poor prisoners?”

“Yes, an English ship came just in time. The Indians were all met, and the ceremonies had commenced previous to their being put to death, when the proposals for their ransom arrived, and were with some difficulty agreed to. Their chief, at this time, was the young Baron Castine, son of the French gentleman who helped to defend Port Royal against the English.”

“A Frenchman for their chief?” asked Grace.

“You remember his father had lived with the Indians for many years, and his mother was an Indian woman, so that he seemed more Indian than French.”

“Did he live in Louisburg?”

“No, the Indians of whom I am now telling you, were of the Abenaki nation, whose chief seat was Norridgewoak, now Kennebec, where I think Castine generally resided. There, too, lived another person, greatly respected by the savages, the missionary Father Rallé. He

had been with them for forty years, and they loved him so much that they would have been willing to hazard their lives to save his. The English felt very angry with Rallé and Castine, both of whom they suspected of persuading the Indians to hostilities against them.

“Do you think they did?” asked Grace.

Her mother said, “it was not certainly known; and the fate of poor Father Rallé was so dreadful, that his former faults, if he had committed such, might well be forgotten. Here is the first volume of the history of Nova-Scotia; you may read the account of his death.”

Grace read aloud to her mother: “The Indians continuing hostile, an expedition was fitted out in Massachusetts, consisting of two hundred and eight men, with orders to proceed up the Kennebec, and attack their principal village. On the 12th of August, 1724, they arrived at Norridgewoak, where they surprised the enemy, and defeated them with great slaughter. Having plundered the church, and hewn down the crucifix, and whatever else they considered emblems of idolatry, they destroyed the buildings, and pillaged the encampment. The Père Rallé, though unprepared was not intimidated, and advanced towards the English in order to attract their attention to him, and thus screen his flock by the volun-

tary offer of his own life. As soon as he was discovered, he was saluted by a shout and a shower of bullets, and fell, together with seven Indians, who had rushed out of their tents to shelter him with their bodies, at the foot of a cross which he had erected in the middle of the village. The savages, when the pursuit had ceased, returned to weep over their beloved missionary, whose body they found perforated with balls, his head scalped, his skull broken with the blows of hatchets, his mouth and eyes filled with mud, the bones of his legs fractured, and his limbs dreadfully mangled. After having bathed his remains with their tears, they buried him on the site of the chapel, where, the preceding evening, he had celebrated the sacred rites of religion."

"How terrible!" said Grace; "but where was Castine all this time?"

"He was absent in France, whither he had gone to take possession of his father's property, and he never returned to his wild brethren. This circumstance, and the severe measures which followed the destruction of Norridgewoak, so disheartened the Indians, that for a time they did not venture to disturb the tranquillity of the country."

"I suppose the history will all be pleasant now," said Grace.

“What will you say, Grace, when I tell you that war was declared between France and England in 1744?”

“They have quarrelled so much in America, even in time of peace, that now there will be more fighting than ever. Go on, if you please, mamma.”

“The French in Cape Breton heard that war had begun before the English in Nova Scotia received the intelligence, and they resolved to surprise the garrisons of the latter. The Indians, as usual, joined the French; and the English troops at Canseau were forced to surrender. Meanwhile, the Indians in the west of Nova Scotia also took up arms, and the people of Annapolis were very much surprised to see, all of a sudden, a body of three hundred Indians coming against them, with a French priest at their head. This priest told the Governor that some regular soldiers were on their way from Louisburg, and as it would not be possible to restrain the Indians from committing cruelties after they had seen blood shed, he advised that the place should be surrendered to him immediately. He promised, in case of surrender, to treat the garrison kindly, and concluded with a threat if these offers were refused, to storm the place on the arrival of the soldiers. In reply, the governor, who did not believe any troops were coming, said it would be time enough

to summon them to surrender when the troops should arrive.

"I wish the other English in Massachusetts knew," said Grace : "I think they would send some men to help him."

"He did let them know that he was in great need of help, and they raised for his assistance four companies of soldiers ; but the Priest and his Indians went away before either they, or the French from Louisburg, arrived.

"Then did the others come ?" asked Grace.

"Yes ; the French troops who had destroyed Canseau appeared in sight soon after the Indians had retired."

"And then I suppose the Indians came back."

"They did so, and for four weeks the French commander, Du Vivier tried, in vain, to take the fort. At length, the four companies from New England having arrived, and reinforced the garrison, Du Vivier offered a large reward to every Indian who would ascend the ramparts, but not being able to persuade them to this act of daring, he sailed away."

"To the great joy of Annapolis, I should think," said Grace.

"The people of Annapolis, not yet judging themselves safe from the Indians, sent all the women and children of

the garrison to Boston, in the vessels which had brought the four companies of soldiers ; and premiums were offered by the government of Massachusetts, for the capture or surrender of any Indian. The reward was a hundred pounds for scalping a man, or making him prisoner ; and fifty pounds for every woman and child, scalped or brought in alive."

" Who was the English Governor of Massachusetts then ?" asked Grace. " I don't like him."

" His name was Shirley," said her mother. " He saw the importance of taking Louisburg, and raised about four thousand men for this purpose, in the New England colonies."

" Four thousand ! that is a great army," said Grace. " Was Louisburg a strong place."

" Yes, very strong. You like to know the names of people, so I will tell you that the French commander was Duchambon, and the English general was called Pepperal."

" Oh ! what a good name for a soldier," cried Grace, laughing—" Pepper-all !"

Her mother continued : " Governor Shirley had sent a little fleet to assist in the reduction of the fortress, and Commodore Warren, who was on the West India station, received orders from England to lend his aid. You would

not enjoy or understand the description of the conquest of Louisburg, did I remember its details sufficiently to relate them. The siege lasted for forty nine days, and ended in the surrender of Duchambon. Cape Breton, and the island of St. John's, which we call Prince Edward's Island, were now added to the English possessions in North America."

"And do the French try to get back Louisburg, or not?"

Her mother told her that "the French fitted out a large fleet, with orders to take Louisburg, Annapolis, and Boston. This fleet had a very stormy and dangerous passage, and so dreadful a fever broke out among the men, that more than a thousand died, and the rest were too weak to undertake any enterprise. The Admiral sailed into Chebucto harbour." Grace's face brightened, for she thought the history had at last come to Halifax. She asked her mother if it was the same harbour Halifax has now. Her mother told her it was, but that there were no houses there then.

"Here the Admiral died suddenly, and the second in command became delirious, and fancying that he was a prisoner, ran himself through with his sword. The men who had been landed, and encamped on the south side of the inner harbour, (Bedford Basin) were still suffering from sickness; indeed more died here than had perished at sea,

and the Micmacs who visited the French camp for supplies and ammunition, caught the infection, which destroyed more than a third of their whole tribe. After so many disasters, the fleet left Nova Scotia, and returned to Europe."

"As they lost so many men without gaining anything, I suppose they will make no other attempt to recover Cape Breton," said Grace.

"Yes, my dear, they afterwards fitted out thirty vessels for the undertaking, but they were defeated by the English before they reached our shores."

"Then Cape Breton has belonged to the English ever since it was taken by Pepperal and Warren."

When Grace heard that on peace being made, it was restored to its former owners, the French, she went to bed, divided between sleepiness and indignation.

CHAPTER IX.

HALIFAX AT LAST.

Before George went away, he had ruled several sheets of paper for his sister, and on one of them she wrote the following letter:—

Halifax, December 1st, 1844.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,

I am very glad your holidays are so near, and I am down to the year 1748 in the history of Nova-Scotia ; but I am sorry the English gave up Cape Breton. Mamma is very well, and sends her love to you ; and I wish you had been with us this morning when we went to the poor-house to see old Madeline. You cannot think how droll it is to see a squaw with a white night-cap on ; and she had never been in a bed before, and she was afraid of falling out ; and she asked my mother to send her dogs to see her.

Your affectionate sister,

GRACE SEVERN.

Postscript.—I forgot to tell you that Madeline caught a bad cold, by sitting at the door of the chapel all day with

nothing to keep her warm but her blanket for a shawl. She slept by our kitchen fire all night, but in the morning we thought she was going to be very ill, and she went to the poor-house in the sleigh. She did not want to leave the warm hearth, she said, "Severn's wigwam very good for old squaw."

Grace's letter did not embrace a great variety of topics, but as her mother wrote at the same time, it is to be supposed George was not left entirely ignorant of what was taking place at home.

The Christmas holidays at length arrived, and with them their chief pleasure for Grace, her brother.

"This is the very day, mamma. He will be here in eight hours more, and then I shall talk to him about Louisburg, and he will tell me more things that I don't know about Nova-Scotia." George's first evening, however, was fully occupied in telling of the excellent sleighing on the Windsor Road, and in repeating the stories he had heard of the overturns suffered by coach, and coach passengers, between that place and Horton. Then there were a great many jokes to be told about school companions, and observations to be made on the sayings and doings of Dr. Fretum. Grace had also her little experiences to relate, and many questions to answer about old

friends, (not forgetting Madeline, who, we are happy to say, had got well, and gone back to her wigwam), so that she had not time to think much about the history of Nova Scotia.

When George had been at home a week, he went with a party of boys to skate on a lake at Dartmouth. His mother promised that she and Grace would follow him, and be partakers, or at least spectators, of his pleasure. They walked down to the steamboat very fast, for Grace was impatient, and quite sure they should be too late. Even when they were near enough to see that the little vessel was still lying at the wharf, she said the man at the gate looked as if he were going to shut it very soon indeed, "and then, mamma, we shall have to wait in the cold, and George will be very much disappointed, and perhaps he will have left that lake and gone to another, and then we shall not be able to find him." By the time Grace's complaints were ended, they were on board, and, as the weather was cold, they went into the cabin, which was on the deck of the boat. There sat Miss Martha, and her nieces, Isabel and Jessy, and it was soon revealed that they, too, were going to look at the skaters on the lakes.

Grace had never before been to Dartmouth in the winter, and as she passed a little wooden aqueduct which

supplied a mill with water, she stopped to look at the great icicles, as large as herself, which depended from each side of it. The lake the skaters had chosen was the same Grace had seen on the day Miss Martha had given the children the pic-nic in the woods, but it looked very different. Then she had seen a squaw paddling her canoe through the transparent water; now it seemed as solid as a rock, and parties of skaters were flying over it in all directions.

Grace looked about for George, and as she did not see him, she felt sure he was with some boys whom she saw playing at hurley on the ice. None among them appeared to recognise her however, as she drew nearer to them, and she was beginning to fear she should not be able to find her brother, when her eye rested on a very little boy at a distant part of the lake. This little boy grew larger and larger, and Grace perceived that he was coming towards her. Soon she saw that it was George, and last of all, she discovered a sled which was following him, held by a cord. The little girls enjoyed riding on this sled until George was tired of drawing them, when they seated themselves on a larger sled, with Mrs. Severn and Miss Martha. This sled was drawn by several young men in front, and pushed along by others, and in this

manner they made the tour of the lake. It was a very pleasant way of travelling, Grace said,—and she and Jessie called the skaters their Reindeer. Bye and bye they stopped to let the Reindeer rest, one of whom, Grace's uncle John, indulged her in two or three fine slides, and then the ladies, who did not dare to remain longer in the keen air, unless in motion, went back to the town.

When Grace reached home, she saw a small wooden box standing on the table. Her father told her to look at the box, she did so, and was surprised to see, "Miss Grace Severn, care of George Severn, Esqr." painted in large letters on the lid. "For me Papa!" exclaimed the little girl. "To-day is not Christmas day, my dear father, what made you give me a present to day?"

"It is not from me, my dear. That box arrived by the English Steamer, this morning."

"Who can have sent it?" "Will you be kind enough to open it for me?" said Grace, and she ran down stairs for the little hammer, used on such occasions. Grace's father lifted up one side of the lid with the hammer, and the little girl saw a letter lying on the top of some smooth brown paper. "Ah! there is a letter," she cried. "Father I am so glad there is a letter; perhaps it will tell us where the box came from."

Grace was very proud to have a letter, and she asked her father to read it aloud, because he could read it faster than she could. This is the letter :

“ MY DEAR LITTLE HISTORIAN,

Allow me to thank you for the pleasant hour I passed in your native country, I shall always remember the information you gave me concerning its early history.”

“ Oh !” exclaimed Grace, “ I knew so little then. I wish she would come here again, after George has told all about the settlement of Halifax ; he is going to begin to-morrow. But that is not all the letter, is it Sir ?” Her father read.

“ I wished to remind you of the stranger, you saw in the steamer, and as you appeared fond of history, I thought I could not do so in a manner more pleasing to you, than by sending you the few accompanying books. I hope you will let me know if you like them, and if you remember the giver ; her name is

ANNE NEVILLE.”

“ Oh ! what a kind lady !” exclaimed Grace, hastening to remove the brown paper, and taking out the books. “ Here are three little books called “ Tales of a Grandfather,” with prints of Stirling Castle, and all,” said she, in eager delight, — “ and what a beautiful history of England.”

"It is by Mrs. Markham," said her mother—"it is a valuable present."

"There is another book yet, mamma—it is about Columbus, and it is written by Washington Irving; it is just the right size for me to read."

"He has abridged his larger work for the use of young persons," said her mother, looking with pleasure at the books of her little girl.

"I suppose," said George, on the morrow, "you do not want to hear about the settlement of Halifax to-day; you will be busy with your new books, shall you not?"

"If you please," answered Grace, "I should like you to begin now—because I want to learn all I can about my own native country before I read the history of any other. I only peeped into the Tales of a Grandfather, but I did not read even one of the stories about Bruce and Douglas." Her mother told her the two pleasures need not interfere with each other, and promised to hear her read a chapter every morning. The little girl, perfectly happy, placed herself beside her brother, with her books in her lap.

"Where shall we begin," said George?

"I want to know," said Grace, "who built Halifax? Was it the people from Annapolis, or from Boston?"

“Neither,” said her brother. “A number of persons came from England on purpose to form a settlement in Nova-Scotia. The French showed so strong a desire to repossess themselves of the country, that the English began to think it deserved more attention than they had bestowed on it during the past half century.”

“Did they neglect it for half a century ?” asked Grace.

“It was not quite so much. From the time when the English finally obtained Nova Scotia in 1713, and changed the name of Port Royal to Annapolis, till the establishment of the colony at Chebucto Harbour in 1749, was—how long, Grace ?”

Grace answered correctly, “36 years.”

“And how many years since the building of Halifax.”

“Till now ? I should think almost a hundred years.”

George said it would be exactly 96 years on the 8th of June, 1845.

“How very old towns are,” said Grace. “Annapolis is even older, and Louisburg ; and some towns in Europe are as much as a thousand years, perhaps.”

“Yes, Grace, I should say Rome was more than two thousand.”

“Oh ! what a baby town Halifax is, compared with Rome,” said Grace. And Jerusalem, brother—how old is Jerusalem ?”

George said he did not know ; some other time they would ask their mother ; now he wished to go on with the settlement of Halifax. “ We have got a great deal to do, Grace—trees to cut down, and houses to build.”

“ And only two of us to do it,” said Grace. “ How many settlers came to Chebucto Harbour in 1749 ?”

“ More than three thousand men with their families.—The Governor was named Cornwallis. There were no streets or wharves then, you know ; the beautiful spruce and fir trees grew close down to the water, and hid all the rocks. Governor Cornwallis and his men thought it a very beautiful country.”

“ Did they see McNab’s and George’s Island ?” asked Grace.

“ Yes, the islands were there, and they were covered with trees, too, I suppose. They also saw several canoes filled with Indians, who came near enough to observe their motions, and then fled with great rapidity.”

“ Perhaps,” said Grace, “ they were afraid of taking another fever.”

“ Oh ! my mother has told you about the Duke D’Anville I see——”

“ No,” said Grace, “ I did not hear about him ; but the French fleet you know came here, and the sailors went

on shore, and a great many of them died, and the Micmacs lost a third of their tribe, and the French Admiral died suddenly."

George told her that the French Admiral was the Duke D'Anville, and proceeded. "The emigrants were delighted with the extent, beauty, and safety of the harbour, and the variety and abundance of the fish with which it was filled; but when they looked at the interminable forest before them, and reflected that it was to be removed by their hands, they were appalled at the magnitude of the undertaking."

This sentence was a quotation, which George had woven into a sort of speech, and declaimed before his school-fellows; but Grace thought it extemporaneous, and looked at her brother with affectionate and admiring eyes. "Go on," said she, gently; "why did they call the place Halifax?"

"In honor of the Earl of Halifax, an English nobleman, who took great interest in the welfare of the colony."

"I wish I had seen them," exclaimed Grace, "when they began to make the town. What do you think they did first?"

"Before the Governor allowed the people to go on shore, he made them understand that they were to obey

the laws, just as they would do in England ; and he appointed several gentlemen to assist him in the government. The settlers cleared away the woods as quickly as possible, built a large wooden house for the governor, and warehouses for their stores and provisions ; and laid out the ground into streets. Doors and window frames were procured from Boston, and they worked so well, that by the time winter came, they had put up a sufficient number of rough houses and huts to shelter five thousand people from the rigor of the weather."

"Were they idle in the winter?" asked Grace.

"Oh, no! some went into the woods to cut timber—some finished the inside of houses, and others went out to explore the country."

"Did the Acadians try to drive away the English?"

"On the contrary," said her brother, "soon after the English had landed and began to build Halifax, some Acadians who had settled at Windsor, which was then called Pesiquid, sent them a number of cattle and sheep. They also sent deputies to assure the governor of their submission to the English, and offered fifty men to assist in making a road between their settlement and the new town of Halifax."

"The Indians were not so friendly, I know," said

Grace, "for I heard that Fort Massey was built to keep them off."

"At first the Chiefs professed themselves very friendly."

"Did the English offend them in any way?" asked Grace.

"I never heard that they did," said George; "but the French government did not wish to keep the treaty by which they had given up Nova Scotia to the English. They laid claim to it again, on some pretence, and sent word to the Acadians and the Indians, that they liked them to harass the English as much as possible."

"I think the French were like little Margaret Peeler," said Grace; "she gives things to people when she wants them to do her a favor, and as soon as they have done it, she says, I gave you a great deal more than I can spare—you must give me some of it back again."

"And do the girls give her back her presents?" asked George, whose sense of justice was wounded.

"Sometimes they do, if they like to be quiet," answered Grace; "but others would rather quarrel with her than give up what they think belongs to them. I suppose, George, the English were like these last, and would not go away from Halifax to please the French."

"Of course not. The country was their's, and the

French knew it, yet the town of Halifax was often attacked in the night, and the inhabitants could not go into the woods to cut down trees, or clear the land, without danger of being shot, or scalped, or taken prisoners."

"But that was by the Indians, I suppose," said Grace.

George told her that these skulking parties of Indians were generally commanded by Frenchmen, and that the prisoners were taken to Louisburg and sold to the French for arms and ammunition.

Grace asked if the French set them at liberty when they had bought them from the Indians.

"They pretended that they bought the captives from motives of compassion, to save them from being massacred; but it was observed that the prisoners were never set at liberty till their friends had paid a large sum of money for their ransom. Complaint was made about this to the French Governor at Louisburg. He said they were not his people who did these things, but the Acadians of Nova Scotia."

"But," said Grace, "they encouraged the Acadians you know. It was enough that they had Cape Breton given up to them, without their sending word to the Acadians and Indians to harass the English settlers. If I had been the Governor of Nova Scotia, I would not have let

the messengers of the King of France come into my country. I would have said, 'Go back to the King of France, and tell him I think he is very mean to try to kill the English after he made the treaty with them.'"

George laughed as Grace uttered these words in a commanding tone and manner. He asked her where she would have looked for the messengers, and how she would have known them.

"Why," said Grace, "I would have sent down my soldiers to the mail-boat every time it came in, and I would have given strict orders." Here George laughed so loud, that Grace stopped speaking and blushed. When George saw his sister blush, he ceased laughing, and told her that the messengers did not come in mail boats.

"How did they come then, brother?" asked Grace, timidly.

"I will tell you," said George. "You know the English were Protestants, and the Acadians were Roman Catholics. When the English took Port Royal, they told the Acadians they might sell their goods, and go away; or, if they chose to remain and be good subjects of the King of England, they should be allowed to enjoy their own religion, and have their own priests; and Judge Haliburton seems to think it was by these priests, that the Acadians were incited to revolt against the English."

“I think it is very hard,” said Grace, “that the English must keep their promise and let the priests persuade the Indians to do so much mischief, when the French did not keep their treaty ; and did this go on till all the English were scalped or sold ?”

“Governor Cornwallis thought it was time to put an end to this hostility ; so he issued a proclamation, ordering all the French inhabitants to take the oath of allegiance in the same manner as British subjects. The deputies arrived at Halifax, from the Acadian settlements, and the Governor told them that the King of England would allow no one to hold land who would not take up arms and fight for him in time of war.”

“What did they say to that ?” asked Grace.

“They told the Governor if they assisted the English, against the Indians, these savage people would be enraged against them, and would murder them and destroy their property. They told him they could not bear arms against their countrymen, and asked if they should be allowed to sell their property and leave the country if they chose. The governor replied, that they might have done so the year after the treaty of Utrecht, but they would not, and that now they could neither sell their property nor leave the Province. Then they asked permission to consult the

governors of Canada and Cape Breton, who were French, you know."

"If I had been Cornwallis, I should have been glad to let them go, and I never should have wanted them back again," said Grace.

"But perhaps," said her brother, "they would have come back with a French army to try to get their lands again. You know people always like best the country in which they passed their childhood, and I have heard Dr. Fretum say, that persons who have cultivated one piece of land for many years, become so attached to it, that they cannot bear to leave it."

"And was that the reason the governor would not let them go out of the province?" asked Grace.

George said, he did not remember that his history gave the governor's reasons for not letting the people leave the country at that time.

"I cannot tell what I should have done, if I had been an Acadian. Will you tell me how they decided?"

"They returned home without deciding, and ——"

"Have you decided to go without your dinner?" said their father's voice, "if not, you had better come at once."

George and Grace were both surprised that it was already dinner time, and agreed that they had passed the morning very pleasantly.

CHAPTER X.

TROUBLES IN THE NEW SETTLEMENT.

Grace had carefully preserved her canoe to send to Mrs. Neville, and one day an Indian, of whom the cook had been buying baskets, gave Grace a small one for herself. "And he spoke to me so pleasantly," said Grace, as she displayed her new acquisition to her mother,— "and when I told him I should send it with the canoe to the English lady, he really smiled. George," continued Grace, turning to her brother, "I think you are wrong when you call them savages."

"The history calls them so," said George.

"Then I think the history makes a mistake. I believe they are very kind and gentle."

"Oh! Grace, your good opinion has been bought,— bought by a basket not worth two-pence. I tell you my history cannot make such a mistake as that. Don't you suppose the author knew the Indians before you were born?"

"Oh!" said Grace, putting her basket on the table, "do tell me about him, is he then so old as that?"

"So old as what," asked George?

"So very old," answered Grace.

"So very old!" repeated her brother,—"you don't call my father so very old, I suppose, yet he can remember a great many years before you were born."

"Yes," said Grace, "he was forty-eight the day after I was eight, but he cannot remember when Cabot came over to America, nor when the English came here and began to build a town."

"Of course not," said George; "no man who was alive when Cabot came, lived long enough to see Halifax."

"Then, will you please to tell me how the author of the history knew what to put in his book, if he could not remember all the things that had happened?"

"Oh!" said George, "he found them out. You may depend on his not putting any thing in his book that he did not know to be true." Grace looked but half satisfied, and her mother said, "When events occur in a country, they are recorded, and these records are kept; and when a person wishes to write a history, he obtains permission to consult these papers." Grace said she now under-

stood how a man need not be very, very old, to write a history.

“And as to the Indians being savages, Grace, do you not remember I was telling you the day before yesterday about their cruelties—how they killed and scalped the people of Halifax when they went a little way into the woods?”

“I have not forgotten,” said Grace; “but you know these parties of Indians were headed by Frenchmen, and I thought they were more to be blamed than the Indians.”

“I think the French persuaded the Indians to attack the English,” said George; “but I do not think they committed the cruelties practised by the Indians. I know the history says that those who live in these days, can form no idea of the horrors of a war with savages. So you see the book thinks they were more cruel than the French.”

“Where did we leave off the last day?” said Grace.

“Do you not recollect we decided to go to dinner just as the Deputies of the Acadians went home without deciding? Well, the Indians grew worse than ever; some tribes came from the borders of the St. John River, and attacked Minas, which is now Lower Horton. The Governor had had a fort put there, and one at Pesiquid, or Windsor, and some troops were posted in each of these

places. The Indians attacked the troops at Minas, and when they had killed eighteen of the soldiers, they besieged the fort for a month. Four men were killed and scalped at Dartmouth, and they tried to murder the crews of two English vessels that lay in the harbour of Halifax.”

“How shocking!” said Grace; “and did they kill them all, every one?”

George said they did not succeed in killing all, but they killed and wounded more than half of them.

“I think the English must have been very careless to let wild savage people, who did not know half as much as they did, come and murder them whenever they pleased.”

“The Indians came so secretly and unexpectedly,” said George, “that it was impossible to guard against them. They passed the forts by night; or, hid by the trees of the forest, they glided silently along paths which none but an Indian could find; and when pursued, they hid themselves in swamps and thick woods, where no white man could follow them. They attacked and killed families with such quickness and secrecy, and retreated so swiftly, that before the alarm was given, the murderers were far away out of the reach of pursuit. Sometimes they carried off their victims, in order to put them to a lingering death, or to extort from their friends a ransom.”

“If they had taken me prisoner,” said Grace, “I would have begged them to save my life, for I think my father would have been willing to pay some money to have me safe at home again.”

“And perhaps, when your friends had paid your ransom, you would have suffered so much from your journey that you would not be able to be moved. The Indians always travelled rapidly; and when their captives, exhausted with climbing rocky precipices—crossing deep and rapid brooks, and struggling through imperceptible paths in the wilderness, were unable to keep pace with their captors, they were driven forward by blows. When night came, their sufferings were not less: they could not eat the food which was given them, and they were tortured by the insects that abound in the forest.”

“In the winter there would be no insects,” said Grace.

“They suffered from other causes,” said George; “if the ground was covered with snow, they were obliged to use snow-shoes, to which they were not accustomed; and then awkwardness and frequent falls in the snow only excited the anger or merriment of the savages. If there was no snow, their feet became torn and bleeding.”

“I am very sorry for the English, who were so cruelly treated,” said Grace; “but do you think the Indians were any worse than Charnisé, who was a Frenchman?”

“ You forget,” said her mother, “ in your desire to prove that the Indians were not more savage than the other inhabitants of Nova Scotia, that all the French were not Charnisés.

Grace said she thought both ought to be punished, and George told her that when Governor Cornwallis heard of all the Indians had been doing, he thought so too ; and was very angry with the French priests who had been meddling in the affairs of the Province. “ He declared that he would put to death any French emissaries taken in arms against the English, or any person who had given arms and ammunition to the Indians. Companies of volunteers were raised in Halifax, and some Rangers came from New England, where the method of fighting Indians was best understood. These men separated into small parties, and pursued the Indians to their various retreats, so that the country was, for a time, relieved from their attacks.”

George stopped suddenly, as if considering the propriety of communicating some untold information which still burdened his mind. Grace waited a minute, and then said, “ I suppose what comes next is bad. The Indians come some dark night out of their hiding places, and kill all the English in the new town of Halifax, or else the French from Louisburg ——”

“Worse than that, a great deal worse,” said George ; “but I suppose I must tell it. The English offered ten guineas reward to every man who brought home the scalp of an Indian.”

It is impossible for me, the simple recorder of Grace’s conversations with her brother, to relate what she said on this occasion. She had just begun a sentence with the words “Governor Shirley,” when Robert Ball came into the room and said in a hurried manner, “the troops are going to land at two o’clock—it will strike two in a few minutes ; if you want to see them come along quickly.”

“May I go mamma,” said Grace, “I will be dressed in a moment?” Permission was given and the three were soon in the street. Grace thought there were almost as many people as on Sunday, when the congregations were going from Church. “Which way will they go?” called George to a boy at the opposite side of the street. “They will go up by Belcher’s corner, round the Province House, to the south barrack,” said a boy, loud enough to be heard across the street. George thanked the boy, and said to Robert, “those Pharamonds always know such things because their father is in the army.”

The crowd increases—a knot of old gentlemen is before them ; young officers, who have been in the town for

more than a year, hurry to and fro, as if they, too, were just landing; they are glad of any thing to enliven the quiet little town. Men of grave profession, and graver years, stand and talk with each other; there are two carriages with ladies in them. "I do not hear any music," said Grace; "and I am so short I cannot see anything." George led his little sister down the short, sloping street; "Now I see," said Grace, "I see the tops of soldiers' caps over the wall at the bottom of that narrow lane."

There was a sudden movement in the crowd. "Now they are coming," said the boys; first were heard the drums, then the other instruments sounded full and clear. They were playing 'Auld Lang Syne.' Then they saw throng of men and boys, and above their heads the brilliant red plumes of the band. Some officers on horseback came last, and they were soon out of sight. The music was good—the day was pleasant, and the red plumes were gay, yet Grace was a little disappointed; she thought the crowd spoiled the effect of the soldiery. It seemed to her that all those men and boys must have seen a disembarkation of troops many times before, as they were all older and taller than she was, and she wished they had not stood between her and the show she had come out to see.

CHAPTER XI.

LEAVING HOME.

Grace had been ill for a few days with a sore throat; she had not been able to talk much, but George read "Masterman Ready" to her, and amused her in various ways. The time did not seem very long. At length, one morning, Grace told him she wanted to have a long talk with her mother, and advised him to go out of doors for a walk or a ride. We will not follow him in his gallop along the Tower road. Let us listen to the little girl's conversation with her mother.

"What did Cornwallis do with the scalps that were brought him, mamma?"

Her mother said she supposed the Governor never saw them. "He did not want the scalps, but only to be assured of the death of an enemy. When numbers of the Indians had been killed, and the rest driven from the neighborhood, the Governor received intelligence which again disturbed the tranquillity of the settlement. He

heard that the Commander-in-Chief of Canada had sent two vessels to Bay Verte, with six hundred men, and that many Indians were collecting at the same place. He thought that perhaps they meant to make an attack on Halifax, and orders were immediately given to cut down trees, and construct a wooden breastwork round the town for its defence. Do you know, Grace, where Bay Verte is situated ?”

Grace did not know, and her mother showed her on the map, the narrow isthmus which connects Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and explained to her how the possession of this isthmus, by the French, allowed the Indians from the continent to enter the peninsula, and to retreat in safety if pursued. “Then they did not intend to attack Halifax,” said Grace. “Perhaps not. The defences of the town were scarcely completed, when news came that the French were building a fortification at Bay Verte, on pretence that it was part of the government of Canada. The Acadians of Chiegnecto joined them, and the French commander, whose name was LaCorne, found himself at the head of 1500 men.” “How long ago was this ?” asked Grace. “This was in 1750,” said her mother—“only one year after the settlement of Halifax.”

“Had Cornwallis as many men to send against the

French, or did he let them stay at Bay Verte?" "In the spring of 1750," continued Mrs. Severn, "the Governor sent Major Lawrence, with a few men, to Chiegnecto; he found that he needed more troops, and came back to Halifax. Having raised the number of his little army to a thousand men, he returned to the isthmus. The French and Indians tried to prevent his landing." Did he go by sea?" asked Grace. "Yes, my dear," said her mother. Grace traced his course—"out of Halifax harbour, into the Atlantic ocean, round Cape Sable, up the Bay of Fundy, and through Cumberland Basin, mamma; and could he not land at last?" "Yes; he did not allow himself to be prevented, but attacked the enemy so vigorously, that they were obliged to retreat across a river." "What river was it?" asked Grace; "was it the St. John?" "Oh, no, my dear," said her mother, "it was some little river flowing into Cumberland Basin. The French fort was on a stream called the Massaguash. La Corne had given this fort the name of Beau Sejour, and now the English built one on the opposite side of the river. They called theirs Fort Lawrence."

"Why did the English want a fort there?" asked Grace.

"As a check on the French," answered her mother, "and as a means of restraining the Indians. It did not,

however, fully, answer the purpose. The savages, the next year, surprised the town of Dartmouth, where they killed and scalped a great number of people, and carried off some others. At this time, Governor Cornwallis returned to England."

"What! without doing any thing more to punish the French?"

"He had done all he could, my dear. An account of the events in Nova Scotia was sent to the English government, and the English government made a complaint at the French court, but without much success. You must remember the two nations professed to be at peace during all these troubles in America." Grace said it was not a good kind of peace when one was always liable to be scalped. She asked who became Governor when Cornwallis went away.

Before Mrs. Severn could answer, Dr. Johns came in to see his little patient, and Grace amused herself by listening to his conversation with her mother. When Dr. Johns had taken leave, Grace said, "Mamma, will you be kind enough to tell me if it is true that there are Germans living in Nova Scotia. I heard Dr. Johns say just now, that some Germans from Lunenburg had been at his house; and once I heard some people talk in a lan-

guage that was not French nor English, and which did not sound like Indian. George said they were talking German."

"I have no doubt it was German you heard, my dear. When George the Second was King of England, and Mr. Hopson Governor of Nova Scotia, more than a thousand Germans landed at a place called Merliguesh; and they were the founders of the town of Lunenburg." Grace asked if there were any Indians in that part of the Province. "Yes," said her mother, "the Germans were not better off than their English fellow-subjects in that respect. The government did a great deal to protect them from the savages, but they lost many lives in their struggles. They did not dare to go far from their houses to cultivate the land, for fear of being attacked, and consequently the settlement did not grow and prosper as it would otherwise have done."

"How large Nova Scotia must be," said Grace, when her mother had finished speaking, "to have so many different people in it. Indians, one kind;—French, two;—English, three;—Germans, four;—Irish and Scotch six; and Jessy says, her grandfather is a Welshman."

"You have omitted one," said her mother, "but never mind that now;—we will go on with our history of the

French forts on the isthmus.” Grace tried to remember which nation she had left out, but she could not, and her mother continued: “In the year 1755, a large body of troops set sail from Boston to Nova Scotia, to drive out the French. They sailed up the Bay of Fundy, and anchored about five miles from Fort Lawrence. There they were joined by some English soldiers, who had gone by land to the fort, and they all marched towards the French fort of Beau Sejour. On their arrival at the Massaguash, they found the French, the rebel Acadians and the Indians prepared to oppose them.” “Who were the English commanders?” asked Grace.

“Colonel Monckton commanded the English troops, and Colonel Winslow the Massachusetts men.”

“And they took the fort, I suppose, mamma. I think the English in Halifax, and the Massachusetts men, will certainly conquer the French and Indians.”

“Yes,” said her mother, “the fort surrendered after a resistance of four days, and its name was changed from Beau Sejour to Fort Cumberland.”

Grace was afraid the English should hang the French in the fort, as Charnisé had done with Madame LaTour’s garrison. She was pleased to hear that the French were sent to Louisburg, and the Acadians pardoned. She said,

now that she found the English were not cruel to their prisoners, she hoped they would be victorious wherever they went. "They attacked another French fort the next day," said her mother. "This was built on a river which runs into Bay Verte, and as it had been the chief magazine for supplying the Acadians and Indians, a great quantity of arms and various kinds of stores were found in it. There were fifteen hundred Acadians in this fort, whose arms the English took away. Then they sailed to the mouth of the river St. John, to attack a fort the French had there, but the French saved them that trouble by abandoning it on the appearance of the enemy, after having burst their cannon and done all they could to destroy the fort. The success of this expedition secured the peace of the province."

"But what did they do with the Acadians?" asked Grace. "I suppose they will always feel afraid that the first time the King of France sends some one to tell them to harass the English, they will begin again to supply the Indians with fire-arms, and encourage them to kill and scalp the English."

"Such was the case. The conduct of the inhabitants of Chiegnecto had alarmed the council, and they immediately ordered that all the French in the province should be dis-

armed, and their boats taken from them. When the people heard these orders they very quietly obeyed them; but the English colonists had lost all confidence in them, and the treatment they received was neither kind nor generous."

"What do you mean, mamma?" asked Grace. "I will tell you, my dear. The captain of the soldiers stationed at Pesiquid, told the inhabitants that they must supply his men with wood for fuel, or if they did not, he should take their houses to burn; threatening to put them to death if they did not bring the timber he wanted for a fort he was repairing. The Acadians saw how differently they were treated from the English subjects, and as they would not take the oath of allegiance, many thought it better to go to Cape Breton or Canada."

"But," said Grace, "I should think when the French were driven out of Nova Scotia, the Acadians would keep themselves quiet, in their settlements. Were they more fond of fighting than of living quietly?" "On the contrary," said her mother, "they are described as a very quiet and happy people. They made farms in the low lands, building dikes, or high mounds of earth to keep out the water of the sea and the rivers. The fields made in this manner, produced abundance of grain, and they had

also large meadows in which were great herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. They never quarrelled with each other, and every family had horses and poultry, and whatever they needed. When a young man wished to marry, the others built a house for him, and supplied him with every thing necessary for a year. There was very little poverty or distress among them."

What made them so reluctant to take the oath of allegiance?" asked Grace. "I wish they had done that, and then the English would not have made them get wood whether they liked to do it or not."

Grace's mother told her she was right in supposing the Acadians would have received kind treatment, if they had behaved peaceably towards the English; but she added that she thought it very natural these people, who had preserved the language and religion of France, should still be unwilling to give up their allegiance to the king of that country. "Then you think," said Grace, "that they were not wrong to fight against the English."

"I can see more excuse for their conduct," said her mother, "than those could who lived then, and whose friends had suffered death or captivity through their influence." "I think," said Grace, "if they had killed my father, or led you into captivity to suffer all those things George

described to me, I could never have forgiven either the Acadians or the Indians, and I shall not blame the English if they punish them very severely. Will you please to tell me if they did any thing more to the Acadians than to take away their arms and make them cut wood for them ?”

“They did indeed punish them much more severely than you have yet heard. They resolved that they should all be sent away from Nova Scotia.” “Then, I suppose,” said Grace, “they will get an auctioneer to sell all their property, and they will move to Cape Breton or Canada.”

“It was determined to disperse them among the British colonies, where they could never again do any injury. A proclamation was issued to those who lived in what is now called King’s County, commanding all the men to assemble at an appointed place, on pain of forfeiting their property.” “Mamma,” said Grace, “I never knew what was meant by those words—“on pain of forfeiting their property ;” does it mean that all who were summoned to meet in that place were to lose their property.” “Quite the contrary, my dear : all those who did not appear were to be punished by losing their possessions.”

“Then I suppose they all went to hear what the English officer had to say to them.” “As many as four hun-

dred and eighteen men assembled," said Mrs. Severn, "in the church at Grand Pré, and when they were all shut in, Colonel Winslow, whose duty it was to act on this occasion, told them that he had received orders to inform them that all their lands, and houses, and cattle, were forfeited to the crown; and that they themselves were to be removed from the province. He added that they would be allowed to take their money and household goods with them in the vessels which would be sent to convey them away." "And was this the first they knew of their removal?" asked Grace.

"Yes," answered her mother, "they had been kept perfectly ignorant of what was to take place. Colonel Winslow seems to have spoken to them very kindly, promising to do all in his power to render their removal as little painful as possible. When he had finished his speech, he told them that they were now the King's prisoners, and must remain under the direction of his troops."

"Oh! how sorry they must have been that they had not behaved more peaceably," said Grace. "I am very sorry for them; and when their mothers and sisters heard that their dear friends were prisoners, how frightened they must have been. When they remembered the cruel things done to the English, I dare say they were afraid of

the same being done to them. Did it happen in the cold weather, do you think, mother?" Her mother told her it was in harvest time, when the grain was all ripe and partly gathered in, by those who were not to taste the fruits of their labors. Grace said she was glad it was not cold; she thought being compelled to march with bleeding and freezing feet, must be worse than being made prisoners in the summer, when the bright sun makes every thing easier to bear.

"I do not think," said Grace's mother, "that the poor men, suddenly snatched from their homes and glowing corn-fields, found much comfort in the season; their subsequent voyage would, however, be probably less stormy than it would have been in the winter, and so far you are correct in supposing that the summer was preferable." "Voyage! mamma; they did then really send them away? I was so in hope they were only going to frighten them, and let them go home again."

"Perhaps that might have been the case had the English been equally successful against the French in the other colonies as in Nova Scotia; but in other places the French had been victorious, and the Novascotians, hearing of their friends' defeat, and still smarting from the wounds inflicted on themselves, resolved to be rid of those who

were only neutral in the absence of temptation to hostility.” “Did they bring them to Halifax to embark,” asked Grace, “and do they make prisoners walk all the way, and what did they do with the babies?”

“Their place of embarkation was not so distant,” said her mother; “there were five vessels in the river Gaspe-reaux into which all the men were obliged to go; and then other vessels came and took away all their wives and children.” Grace asked with a sorrowful face, where they were sent. Her mother told her one thousand of them were landed in Massachusetts—some were sent to Pennsylvania, and some farther south. Many families thus separated, never met again, and all were reduced to great want in the different colonies to which they had been carried. “Oh! the poor people,” said Grace, “to be reduced to such misery while their houses were standing ready to receive them again.” “That was not the case,” said her mother; “between two and three hundred houses had been burned down, with a great many barns and mills. When the vessels had sailed with the neutrals—as these French Novascotians were then often called,—and the English soldiers were left alone, they were surprised at the extent of the destruction they had caused. The smoke was still rising from the burning houses,—the cattle

lowing as if expecting the notice of their masters, and the fertile country that lay around them was without any inhabitants. They had done their work—there was no longer an enemy for them to subdue. The smoke—the ruins—the lowing cattle—the dogs howling over the scene of desolation, and even the deserted fields, seemed to ask if all this ruin had not been the act of haste and revenge.”

When Mrs. Severn saw that the tears were falling fast from her little girl's eyes, she arose, and ringing the bell, ordered the sleigh to be driven to the door. Grace was going out in the sleigh. Dr. Johns had said it would do her good.

CHAPTER XII.

MORE ABOUT THE ACADIANS.

“Oh! George,” said Grace in the evening, when their father and mother were engaged with some visitors, “my mother has been telling me something that made me very sorry indeed. It was about the Acadians who lived at

Minas; they were all sent away. The men went in some ships that were ready in the river Gaspereaux; and the women were put into some that came afterwards, so that the little girls must have been separated from their fathers and brothers; and the cattle and the dogs were left, and the houses were burnt down." "I know all about it," said George; "it was a bad business, but the Acadians had the French to thank for it."

"Oh, no, George; my mother told me it was the English people who did it." "It was the English colonists who made them leave the country at last," said George, "but who made them take up arms at Chiegnecto,—or who gave weapons to the savages, and encouraged them to kill and scalp the people in Halifax and Dartmouth?"

"But," said Grace, "neither you nor my mother have told me that the Acadians about Minas took up arms against the English, and yet they are the very first to be sent away. If they had sent those whom they found with the French at Bay Verte, I should not have cared,—but I do not think the others deserved it."

"They were of your opinion," said George, "and they wrote a letter to the King of England, telling him that because they remained true to their oath of fidelity to the English, they had suffered many injuries from the French.

They said, after the settlement of Halifax, some of them had been ill used both by the French and Indians; their property had been destroyed, and some of their number even carried prisoners to Canada, because they would not help to annoy the new English settlement. They also told the king, that they had often warned his English subjects when danger was to be expected, and that they had no share in the rebellion at Chiegnecto, but had been very sorry to hear of it. They owned that there had been some weak and false-hearted people among them, who had been bribed by the enemy, but these they said were few in number."

"Where were they," asked Grace, "when they wrote this letter?" Her brother told her the petition was dated from the Province of Pennsylvania, but was written on behalf of all who had been removed from the Bay of Minas, and the rivers flowing into it. Grace said she supposed they did not like Pennsylvania so well as Nova Scotia. "Of course they did not," said George. "They had been comfortably settled on their own farms, surrounded by friends, and in the possession of every thing that makes life pleasant. In Pennsylvania they were poor, obliged to work, as they complain in their letter to the king, in a southern climate, where they were attacked by unknown diseases,

which took away their strength, and rendered them unable to provide for their children.

"Their children!" cried Grace; then they had found their children. When my mother told me the little girls did not go in the same ships with their relations, I was afraid they would never find their fathers again."

"Some of them never did," said a voice behind Grace.

"Are you there Uncle John?" said Grace.

"Yes," said the gentleman who had spoken, "Uncle John is here."

"I am very glad" said Grace, "I dare say you know all about the Acadians."

"My information," said Uncle John "is all derived from George's favorite book. I know nothing of the Acadians, nor of the history of our country that is not contained in that book. Have you heard the story of René LeBlanc?" Grace had never heard it.

"He held," said Uncle John "a respectable office among the Acadians, and was a faithful adherent of the English. On this account, he incurred the displeasure of the French, and of the Indians in their interest. At one time he was on a journey, on some business for the English, when he was taken prisoner by the Indians, and carried to the French fort. There he was kept a prisoner

for four years, and had great difficulty in obtaining his release at the end of that time. His family suffered also, for, not contented with putting him in confinement, his enemies pillaged his house."

"Well," said Grace, with animation, "I hope if the French are so unkind to him, the English will treat him very well indeed."

"The way the English treated him," said George, "was to seize and confine him at the same time with the other unfortunate people of Minas." "But as soon as they found out who he was," said George, "I suppose they released him, and told him they were sorry to have put him to any trouble."

"He was sent away," said uncle John, "and so were all his family, and a very large family it was: he had twenty children, and about one hundred and fifty grandchildren."

"They would almost fill a ship themselves," said Grace, forgetting her pity and indignation, in her astonishment at the numbers of this unfortunate family.

"They would certainly have formed a large company, and would have been able to assist and comfort each other," said uncle John, "if they had been all in the same vessel,—but that was not the case. LeBlanc had his

wife with him, and his two youngest children, when he was landed in New York. He afterwards went to Philadelphia, where he found three others of his children. The remainder were scattered about in different colonies, and the poor old man never saw them again. His many services were rewarded by total neglect. He died without any notice from the government he had served."

"I am sorry, said Grace; "I did not know the Nova Scotians had been so ungrateful; but"—and her eyes sparkled as at a pleasing discovery—"do tell me, uncle John, if you think the Indians should be called savages and barbarous, when a French man puts a whole garrison to death, and the English council treat a faithful old friend as if he were a wicked thief."

"We have certainly no reason to be proud of this act of our ancestors," said her uncle; "but we must not forget what great provocation they had, and we must remember with what jealousy all Protestants and English were, in those times, accustomed to look on persons who spoke the French language, and were of the Romish faith."

"There is an end of the poor people at Minas. Were the Acadians at Cumberland sent away in the same manner?" "They were sent away," said uncle John, "but they did not at once surrender themselves like those of whom we have been speaking."

“ Ah !” said Grace, “ that was because they had really been in arms against the people to whom they had promised friendship, and they were afraid, I suppose, of being punished.” “ You are right, Grace ; they thought they should be sent as prisoners to Halifax, and so they did not make their appearance when summoned ; and when parties of soldiers were sent to bring them in, their houses were found deserted.”

“ Why, where were they gone ?” said Grace.

“ They had fled to the woods ; some encamped with the Indians—some escaped to Canada ; but fatigue and hunger compelled many to return and give themselves up to their enemies.”

“ I would sooner have fought for my pleasant home,” said Grace ; “ they fought readily enough when they had no reason for it.”

George said, that was because the Canadian French persuaded them to do so—though he supposed there might be some among them who fought, because they liked fighting.

Uncle John told the children to notice how the innocent and helpless had to suffer for the wrong deeds of a few. In Cumberland, two hundred and fifty houses were in flames at one time ; and the miserable owners, who

had fled to the woods, saw their houses, their furniture, and their stores of flax and grain, thus destroyed before their eyes. They made no resistance until they perceived the soldiers about to set fire to their church, when they made so sudden and unexpected an attack as to kill twenty nine of their enemies, and then retreat to the shelter of the woods. "Then, I suppose," said Grace, "they did not succeed in sending them away this time."

"Seven thousand were collected in Minas and Cumberland. That is enough to-night, Grace—I must talk to some other lady now." Grace laughed at the formal bow with which her uncle left her, and began to listen to what was said. She presently perceived that several of the persons present were speaking of the subject which had been so interesting to her. She could not understand the conversation; the words—"the impolitic expulsion of the Jews by Ferdinand," quite puzzled her; and when a gentleman said in reply—"so we compare small things with great"—she was at a loss to account for the smile that accompanied his words. She did not of course see his allusion, and she felt sure the history of her country ought not to be called "small things."

Bye and bye she heard a lady say, "I have often thought this period in Nova Scotian history would afford

good materials for a novel ;—the contrast between their peaceful homes, and the sudden desolation that befel them ; the heart-rending separations ;—the fierce struggles. If I ever write a novel, I shall select this removal of the Acadians.”

At this moment Grace caught her mother's eye. It was time for her to go to bed. She was very sorry ; but, accustomed to cheerful obedience, she went at once, resolving as she undressed, to write a novel about the Acadians, and to begin the next morning.

The next morning found Grace intent on her plan of writing a novel. She had decided to commence it immediately after breakfast. Before breakfast she amused herself with watching some boys who were coasting down the hill, and as no one was in the room for her to talk to, she talked to herself. “There comes a little boy on a little sled. I don't think his sled is as large as the wooden shovel that John uses to clear away the snow from the stable door. Here come two boys on one sled, and one rides backwards—I should not like that ; and here come three in a row—how fast they go ; and that one along the other street, with a great dog to draw it ; and a great tub of water is on the sled, and the boy is walking at the side.” Then Grace saw something which made her leave the room in great haste.

About half an hour later, when Mrs. Seyern had come down stairs, and was preparing to make the tea for breakfast, Grace rushed into the room, and, without even remembering that she had not yet seen her mother, and given her the usual morning salutation, she said in tones of delight, "she is come, mamma—she is down in the kitchen, and the cook has given her some warm coffee, and some bread and butter;—she is very pretty, and so good, mamma. She let me feel her petticoat, and her striped mantle; and she has a basket full of knitted socks, and she says she will sell them for eight-pence a pair, because her mother is sick, and her grandfather has the rheumatism,—and her father is dead, and she is the eldest of seven children,—and their house was burned down three years ago, and they have had no feather beds since, and for a long time they had nothing but a heap of straw to sleep on; and she speaks good English, mamma—not at all like the old man you bought the gooseberries from last summer,—no, summer before last; and mamma, she walked twenty two miles yesterday, and then walked about town to sell her socks, and at night she was so tired she could not sleep, and the place where she staid was very cold, and she wants to get home before the snow comes; and only think, mamma, she has a sister just as

old as I am, and she says she has hardly any clothes to keep her warm, and she has no sheep of her own, but she is obliged to buy all the wool she spins and knits, and——”

I suppose Grace would have stopped soon for want of breath, if Nanny had not entered the room with a little cloak and frock over her arm, and some white cotton and linen clothes in her hand. “What is all this, Grace,” said Mrs. Severn; “What are you talking about, and why is Nanny here with all these things?”

“Has not Miss Grace told you, ma’am, that she went down to the door this morning, when she saw some Chezetcook women in the street? She called to them, ‘Acadian, Acadian—come in my good Acadian’; and she has been talking to this good girl ever since in the kitchen, and a very respectable girl she seems to be, ma’am; she has lived in an English family, and speaks English as well as any body.” “Tell her to wait till after breakfast,” said Mrs. Severn, “perhaps I may buy some of her stockings.” “Oh! pray do, mamma,” cried Grace, “and then you will see her yourself. May I give her those things that hang on nurse’s arm? I asked her to bring them down, and show them to you. This is the old short cloak, you know, that you said was to be given away; and I think the frock would fit the little Acadian; and

nurse told me yesterday, when I burst the hook off the waist, that she thought I was outgrowing it. And, indeed mamma, the young Acadian is very good."

"Good enough to be rewarded with your old clothes! Very well, Grace, make yourself and your Acadian as happy as you can, but you must not be long; your papa will soon be here to breakfast, and you know he will wish to see you here."

"How long, mamma, shall I stay in the kitchen?" Mrs. Severn looked at her watch, and told her she might stay ten minutes. After breakfast, Grace always said a French lesson to her mother. This morning it was not so perfectly learned as usual; her mind was running on the novel she intended to write, of which Mary Morris, the girl she had just seen, was to be the heroine. At last the lesson was completed, and Grace was at liberty. She asked her mother if she knew in how many volumes people made their novels? "Frequently in three," said her mother, who was busy.

Then Grace took three half sheets of paper, and folded each separately, so as to form four leaves. She then wrote 1st volume on one; 2d volume on another, and 3d volume on the last. It took all the morning to finish the first volume. At the top of the page was written—

“ A NOVEL ABOUT THE ACADIANS.”

“ René LeBlanc was a very old man, and had almost twenty five children. Mary was very pretty, and she wore a striped petticoat, and a white handkerchief over her head. In the summer, the sun shone very bright, and the corn in the fields looked very pretty, and there were some squirrels ; and one day a Frenchman came, and said he would take René prisoner, and poor René had to go with him, and Mary cried very much, and she said if she had a sword she would stab the Frenchman to the heart, for he was a black traitor, and ought to have his head cut off, and put upon a spike on the top of the castle walls, as Sir William Wallace’s was in the ‘ Tales of a Grandfather.’ And when the winter came, it was cold, and poor René was in prison ; and little Mary asked her mother if she might go to Louisburg, to make a fire for him, and her mother said she might. So the ground was all covered with snow ; and Mary’s mother told the coachman to put the horses to the sleigh, and drive Mary to Louisburg ; but Mary said the road was full of trees, and a sleigh could not go ; then she said she would walk. Soon her feet were very cold, and her moccasins began to wear out, and she did not know where to get a cup of tea to warm her, and some new moccasins. One day she met an Indian, and she went up to him, and said, Sir,

will you please to give me some tea, and a new pair of moccasins,—and may I go to bed in your wigwam, for I am very tired, and I am going to make my father some fire in his prison, because I am afraid he is cold? The Indian was very sorry when he saw Mary was crying, and her feet bleeding, but he could not carry her in his arms, because she was nearly nine years old, and her birth day would soon come. But she had some biscuits in her pocket, that her mother gave her, and she gave one to the Indian, and she ate one herself.”

When Grace had written so much, her first volume was quite full, and her hand was very tired. So she put her papers away in her desk. The next day, when her lessons were done, she took out her second volume, which she began as follows :—

“THE SAME CONTINUED.”

“When Mary and her father got home, they thought they should be very happy; but the soldiers came, and shut René up in the church with the others, and then Mary cried again; but now it was summer, and the weather was very warm, and some great ships sailed into the river. Then Mary begged the gentleman to please to let her go in the ship with her father and mother. So she went;

but when they got to Philadelphia, they found some of the other children, but they did not like it as well as Nova-Scotia."

Grace could think of no more to write, and she looked rather sorrowful, when she asked her mother in the evening if people ever printed books that were only one volume and a half. "Works of one volume are very common, my dear," said her mother.

"Why do you look so pleased, Grace," asked George; have you any thoughts of publishing a work in one volume?"

"I have been writing a novel," said Grace; "it is in one volume and a half, and perhaps it could all be put into one, if mamma will lend me some strong thread to sew it together." "A novel!" exclaimed George, laughing very heartily; "do let us see it." Grace brought it to him, and asked him to read it to her father and mother. She sat on her father's knee while George read it. Neither her father nor her brother laughed much at the little girl when the reading was finished. Grace was very glad. Her mother never laughed at her. "Is it a good novel?" asked Grace.

"It is very short," said her father; "it would not even fill one page of a large book." George told her, that forty

of her volumes would not be enough to make one real printed volume ; and Grace said, she should be tired of writing forty volumes ; she would not write any more novels till she was older.

CHAPTER XIII.

RUINS EVEN IN THE NEW WORLD.

It was Grace's mother's birth-day. "If you could have your wish, mamma, what would it be?" asked Grace. "That you would always be a good little girl," said her mother, smiling.

"Not that kind of wish, mamma, but some wish for yourself,—some *impossible* wish." Her mother thought for a moment, and said she should like a country house.

"That is not impossible at all, mamma," said Grace ; you know we could go to Minas, and live in one of the houses the poor Acadians were driven from ; perhaps we could find one that was not quite burned down ; and as

there are no Acadians there to get the apples from the trees they planted, I think there would be no harm in eating as many as we wanted."

"My dear child," said her father, "do you suppose that the land, cultivated by the Acadians, has been left vacant ever since their expulsion?—some of the best land in the Province lying useless for nearly ninety years?"

Grace said she supposed that could not be, and asked her father who succeeded the French in the farms at Minas and Chiegnecto?

"The governor of Nova Scotia invited people from the other colonies to come and settle on the lands of the banished Acadians. Many hundreds of farmers came from New England, and two hundred came from the North of Ireland."

"But will not the French in Canada be very angry when they hear that English people have taken the fields which their countrymen made so pleasant and fruitful?"

"You must not suppose, my dear Grace, that Nova Scotia was the only part of America where the French and English powers were contending. The French in Canada were very busy defeating the English along the frontiers of that province."

"*Defeating* the English, papa? That was very

strange !” “The English of those days did not like it any better than you do,” said her father ; “and Lord Loudon, the Governor of Massachusetts, sent for Governor Lawrence, of Nova Scotia, and for the other English officers, to go to Boston and hold a council, to decide on what should be done. They agreed that they would first take Louisburg, in Cape Breton, from the French. “When they had done that, what was to be the next thing,” asked Grace.

“Not quite so fast Grace,” said her father ; “Louisburg was not taken that year, nor till the middle of the next.”

“What made them so long ?” asked Grace.

“The French,” said her father, laughing. “Halifax was fixed on as the place where the English fleet and army were to meet. It would have been a fine sight for you, Grace, who are so fond of the ‘pomp and circumstance’ of war.”

Grace did not know what her father meant by the “pomp and circumstance,” but she thought she should have liked to see the numerous vessels which he told her arrived in Chebucto harbour, and the eleven thousand soldiers waiting to be sent against Louisburg.

“Did they wait a whole year in Halifax ? It is a very little way from Louisburg,” said Grace.

Her father explained to her that the French had as many men to defend Louisburg as the English had to attack it ; and that a terrible storm having shattered the English fleet, the conquest of Louisburg was deferred till the following year, when not only that strong post, but the whole of Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island were surrendered to the English.

Grace said, if she went to Louisburg now, there would be no Frenchmen ready to buy her from the Indians. "No," said her father, "nor would you find in the house of the Governor of Prince Edward's Island, several scalps of Englishmen, as one of the officers did at that time. And now, Grace, tell me how long it is since the second capture of Louisburg, which was in 1758."

"Eighty-seven years," said Grace ; "and Halifax was then nine years old. But, papa, when the French were driven from Cape Breton, did they stop fighting all over America ;—was the war ended ?"

"The next year, the brave General Wolfe attacked and took Quebec, and though he died at the moment of victory, the conquest of the whole country was soon afterwards effected. The French who now live in Canada are, like the Acadians of Nova Scotia, under the British government."

“That puts me in mind,” said Grace, “uncle John told me that some of the Acadians built vessels for themselves, and came back to Clare, and settled. I should like to go there very much ;—I would ask them if any of René LeBlanc’s children were there.”

“And if you went to Louisburg, what should you expect to see there ?”

“A very strong citadel,” said Grace, “and cannon.” She was greatly surprised when her father told her that the fortifications were all destroyed, and the cannon removed to Halifax. “This place,” added Mr. Severn, “erected at so great an expense—so formidable for its strength, and so celebrated for the two sieges it sustained, is now an inconsiderable fishing place, not otherwise distinguished from the other harbors in its neighborhood, than by the name it has obtained in history. And now, good morning, Grace—I have no more time for you this morning ; Nova Scotia past, must yield to Nova Scotia present.”

Grace turned to her mother. “Mamma, there is one thing which always puzzles me : here is one part of North America called the United States. I think British Possessions ought to stretch all over it, because English people settled all this part, you know, where Governor Shirley

and Lord Loudon were, and they were always good friends with Nova Scotia, and helped us against the French."

"You forget Grace—or did you never know, that the inhabitants of New England and the Colonies south of it, revolted against the government of Great Britain, and after fighting some time, obtained their independence, or a separate government of their own.

"I am glad we did not revolt," said Grace; "and I hope we never shall, for I think we are very happy as we are." "I think so, too," said her mother."



Some weeks after this, in the latter part of June, Grace and her mother were driving on the road which skirts Bedford Basin. They overtook a little cart, drawn by an ox. A black man and woman, whose clothes were covered with patches, were with the cart. When they saw Grace's mother, they both smiled, and said, "Berry fine day, missis." Mrs. Severn knew these poor people—she had given them potatoes for seed; and now she stopped the carriage that she might inquire what were their prospects of a crop. Grace did not interrupt her mother while she was speaking to the black people; but when the carriage moved on, she said, "it is very strange nobody knows where the negroes come from. The Aca-

dians, I know, came from France, and speak French ; and the people at Lunenburg came from Germany ; but the negroes—oh ! dear mamma, don't you remember when I was counting up the nations in Nova Scotia, you told me I had left out one, and I could not think which it was. You meant the negroes, did you not, mamma ?”

“ I believe so,” said her mother, who did not remember the conversation Grace alluded to.

“ Then I have found out where all the other nations came from. The Indians, you know, were here always,—I mean they were here before the whites came ; but I suppose nobody knows how the blacks got here from Africa. George does not, or he would have told me ; nor you, mamma, do you ?”

“ Yes, my dear. The negroes were brought to America, as slaves.”

“ I have read a story about a man who went to Africa to buy slaves, but I did not know that we had slaves in Nova Scotia.”

“ We have not,” said her mother, “ but the people of the English colonies, farther south, had a great number, and when those colonies revolted, as I told you, and fought against the mother country, many slaves escaped from their masters, and getting on board English ships, were brought here. Some of the masters who remained faith-

ful to the English government, removed here after the peace, and brought their slaves with them ; but it was afterwards thought that slavery could not exist in Nova Scotia, and the slaves were made free." " I am glad of that," said Grace ; " I like this to be really a free country. Do you know mamma, how many negroes came in all ?"

Her mother said she did not know how many blacks came, but twenty thousand loyalists or friends of the English Government, who had not revolted, removed from the United States and settled in Nova Scotia. As they were an intelligent, upright, and wealthy race of men, they were a valuable acquisition to the colony.

" Now," exclaimed Grace, " I know a little about all the people in Nova Scotia. Do you think Mrs. Neville will be in the Steamer, again, mamma ? I dare say, she would like to know all about the Acadians."

" I do not think she will be here again, my dear, but your Uncle John is going to England next month, and I have no doubt if you pack up your canoe very neatly, he will be kind enough to carry it to her for you."

" Oh ! thank you, mamma, I will do it as soon as I get home. Are you going to drive much farther to day ?"

" I shall go no farther than the Lodge, said her mother, I wish to show you the former residence of Her Majesty's Father, the Duke of Kent."

When Grace heard that she was to be permitted to walk in the paths cut in the wild woods of Nova Scotia, by the father of the Queen, to whom she was so loyal a subject, she was perfectly willing to defer the packing of her canoe, until the next day.

Perhaps the reader of this history of Little Grace, will like to be acquainted with the contents of a letter, which she wrote at this time to her brother.

“Dear George,—I have found out about the blacks. Once they lived in Africa, and then they were slaves, but when they came to Nova Scotia, they were free. They wear very funny bonnets, and have little ox carts, and I think those that go in the Dartmouth ferry boat, are very fond of lobsters,—and the little Indians are all put in my canoe, which Uncle John is going to carry to the lady.—and I am going to send a letter to the Queen; it is written on the sheet of paper with the picture of Halifax on it, that you bought for me at Mr. Mackenzie’s—it says:

“MY DEAR QUEEN VICTORIA,

I heard last summer that you went to Scotland, and I hope you will soon come to Nova Scotia, which is New Scotland, and if you bring some of your treasure with you,

the Prince's Lodge, where your father lived, can soon be repaired, and your ships can stay in Bedford Basin, which is very large and beautiful. Your Majesty need not be afraid to bring the Princess Royal, and the Prince of Wales, for the Indians do not scalp people now, and the Acadians that are in the country are very peaceable. I suppose Your Majesty and Prince Albert have read in Haliburton's History, what shocking things they used to do, but that was when the other Governors lived here—and when George the Third was King of England, a great while ago; and Lord Falkland is our Governor now, and he does not live in a fort as La Tour was obliged to do,—and if Your Majesty does not like to stay in your ship, while your carpenters are mending your father's house, I suppose you would stay there, but I hope you would let the children come to my mother's, and if you could see my pleasant room, when the sun is shining on the harbour, you would think Nova Scotia was a very pretty place. I will gather you some May flowers, and some Linnea, and I hope you will come in the summer, because it is more pleasant then. I am a little girl of eight years old, and I shall be nine on my next birth-day—and it will soon be here, and I want to send you this letter, that you may know your father's house wants mending, and

I think it is a shame it should all go to ruin. He was called Prince Edward when he was here, and he was a soldier, and we all love you and want to see you, but I hope you will let the little Princess come too.

I am your affectionate subject,

GRACE SEVERN.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MAY FLOWER.

It happened that something had been said about a ramble in the woods on the first of May. "I hope you will let me go, mamma," said Grace; "it will be so delightful to gather May flowers, on May day.—But of course you will let me go, for the May flower is our emblem, you know, and it is our duty to pay our respects to it; don't you think so, mamma?"

"Bring a little coal," said Grace's mother to the servant that opened the door, and, at the same time, she drew her

chair and work-table nearer to the fire. Then, turning to her little girl, she said, "It is too cold yet, my dear, to spend a day in the woods. The last time I was at Point Pleasant, I observed the ice and snow still lying under the trees."

"But the May flower is in bloom now, mamma, though it is only April, and will not be May until the day after to-morrow. I wonder why it is called May flower when we have it in April."

"It is finer and more abundant in May," said her mother, "which is perhaps the reason it has the name of that month; but I have sometimes thought it was named by the early settlers of Plymouth in New England, whose voyage from their native country was made in a vessel called the May-flower."

"And you think," said Grace, "that they gave it the name the ship had borne, because they liked the ship, and the flower too? I like the flower, mamma, I think it is the sweetest and prettiest flower in the whole world. I wish Mrs. Neville had some of them. Did you ever see any in England, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, once, in a botanical garden, but it does not like cultivation."

"Ours are better then, better than the English,—I am glad of that, but mamma, what sort of flower is it? I am

afraid I can not describe it. I can describe the lily, because I know of what class and order it is, and that it is called *Lilium*, and has a bulbous root. I heard all about that one day at school. But we have not come to the May flower yet."

Grace's mother sent her to the book-case in her dressing room for Eaton's Botany. "Now bring a May flower from the glass on the table, Grace, and count the stamens." Grace counted ten stamens, and told her mother she thought it belonged to the tenth class, "and it has only one pistil," added she, "and must be in the first order." "What else do you see?" asked Mrs. Severn. Grace said each flower had two little green cups,—and her mother told her that the calyx was double, and that she and the book had agreed perfectly in their description. "The corolla is salver form with five partings in its spreading edge."

When Grace heard her mother say that the corolla was salver form, she pulled one out of its little green cup, and looked at its shape. "It's little throat is almost choked with soft hairs, mamma." "Yes, that is what botanists call villose," said her mother. "And all the little stems are covered with moss and dead leaves from the fir-trees."

“From this latter circumstance,” said Mrs. Severn, it derives its botanical name, *Epigæa repens*, which means creeping upon the earth.”

“Botanists know it then, it seems, mamma, but I am afraid the poets do not, for there is nothing about it in my little book. There is “The Rose just washed in a shower,” and “The Myrtle and Friendship,” and a piece called the “Sun-Drop;” Two on the “Violet,” and “The Lily of the Valley,” and “Tulip,” but nothing about the May flower,—and, mamma, I looked in Wordsworth, and found some verses about the Primrose, and we often see the Daisy. I wish I could make verses, I would soon write at least one page to the May flower.”

Grace’s mother took a small volume from the drawer of her work-table, and told Grace she would find for her some lines on her favorite flower.

“This is not the May flower, mamma,” said Grace, looking at the book, “this is the Trailing Arbutus.” Her mother explained to her that as *Epigæa repens* is the botanical name, so the Trailing Arbutus is the more usual English name, of what is also sometimes called the May flower. Then Grace read to her mother,

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY MRS. WHITMAN.

There's a flower that grows by the greenwood tree,
In its desolate beauty more dear to me,
Than all that bask in the noon tide beam,
Through the long, bright summer, by fount and stream.
Like a pure hope nursed beneath sorrow's wing,
It's timid buds from the cold moss spring ;—
Their delicate hues like the pink sea-shell,
Or the shaded blush of the hyacinth's bell,
Their breath more sweet than the faint perfume
That breathes from the bridal orange bloom.

It is not found by the garden wall,
It wreathes no brow in the festive hall,
But dwells in the depths of the shadowy wood,
And shines like a star in the solitude.
Never did numbers its name prolong,
Ne'er hath it floated on wings of song.
Bard and minstrel have passed it by,
And left it in silence and shade to die.
But with joy to its cradle the wild bees come,
And praise its beauty with drony hum ;
And children love in the season of spring

To watch for its early blossoming.
In the dewy morn of an April day,
When the traveller lingers along the way,
When the sod is sprinkled with tender green,
Where rivulets water the earth unseen,
When the floating fringe on the maple's crest
Rivals the tulip's crimson vest,
And the budding leaves of the birch-tree throw
A trembling shade on the turf below,
When my flower awakes from its dreamy rest,
And yields its lips to the sweet south west,
Then, in those beautiful days of spring,
With hearts as light as the wild bird's wing,
Flinging their tasks and their toys aside,
Gay little groups through the wood-paths glide,
Peeping and peering among the trees,
As they scent it's breath on the passing breeze,
Hunting about among lichens grey
And the tangled moss beside the way,
Till they catch the glance of its quiet eye,
Like light that breaks through a cloudy sky.

“That is really the May flower, mamma, I am very glad this lady likes it. Did she live here when she saw it? It could not have been in England you know.”

“The author of those lines was never in Nova Scotia,” said Grace’s mother, “but the flower abounds all over the woods of New England and I believe in some parts of Canada.”

Grace was surprised to hear this, she had hoped her favorite was possessed exclusively by her native country.

The first of May was not sufficiently fine to induce Grace to renew her request for a day in the woods. The clouds were gray and heavy;—the harbour looked very cold and dark, and a north east wind was blowing clouds of dust against the windows. This cloudy day was followed by rain, and then by pleasant, sunny weather.

But the twenty fourth was, as Grace assured her mother, “just the day for a Queen’s birth day. If there ever was such a thing as royal weather, mamma, this is it.” While Grace’s mother was listening to her little girl’s praises of the day, she was employed in gathering from a large stand of geraniums and roses, the finest of their flowers.

Grace saw her mother arrange these flowers with great care, and, after completing the bouquet with an exquisite moss rose bud, hold the whole at a distance to observe the effect. “I am sure you must be going to give them to

one of your best friends, mamma, said Grace, you seem to wish them to look so very beautiful."

"They are for a queen," said her mother.

Grace's eyes turned to the window; perhaps she expected to see the ship which had brought the Majesty of England and the royal children to whom she wished so much to extend hospitality. If the little girl expected this she was disappointed, The broad harbour showed only the North America with its red pipe, the Corsair with its crescent flying, and the red and white sails of the fishing vessels. "A Queen, mamma?"

"A young lady who for this day, at least will be a queen."

"That is even less than lady Jane Gray's reign," said Grace, "but mamma will you tell me,—"

"Nothing, now, Grace, you must wait and see what will happen to day. Go now with nurse."

At twelve o'clock Grace and her mother drove through the gate leading to Mrs. Wilhelm's pretty cottage. Mrs. Wilhelm and the company, the servant said, had gone down towards the North West arm, where a sort of banquet hall had been constructed in the woods. Miss Eliza had remained in the house to wait for the young lady. Eliza was about the same age as Grace, and she now came

out with her bonnet in her hand saying, "O, I am so glad you are come, I was afraid you would be too late for the coronation."

At the word "coronation," Grace quickened her steps. "This way," said Eliza, opening a gate which led into a narrow path overhung by fir-trees. Grace did not stop to look for wild flowers; she held in her hand the bouquet her mother had made before they left home, and she was anxious to present it to the young lady and to see the coronation. The little path wound among the tress, in a most provoking manner without allowing a glimpse of anything but the wild shrubs, and uncultivated woods. They would have been enough to fill Grace with pleasure at any other time, but her imagination was now excited, and she passed them unnoticed. Her mind was too much preoccupied to observe even such a treasure, as the blue violet, the delicate *Houstonia* with its pretty name Innocence, and the fairy cup moss.

Suddenly she stopped. "Music! mamma, there is music, and it is not the band at the review on the common; we are not near the common." "This way;" said Eliza, and in a moment they were on a green open space sloping smoothly down to the edge of the glittering water, and quite near a bower made under the shade of two large trees. They approached the bower, and Grace perceived

a group of young persons surrounding Miss Helen Cartney. Shall I give her the flowers now?" asked Grace. "Do not interrupt the ceremony now, my dear," said her mother.

As Mrs Severn spoke, a young lady and a gentleman conducted their queen to her green canopy. Two others bore a crown of flowers, which they placed on her head while all united in singing the following verses, to the air of "God save the Queen."

Where, with a mellowed light
The fresh green leaves are bright,
As emerald stone,
Where the sweet May flower starts,
Where the wild wood bird darts,
Queen of our willing hearts,
We place thy throne.

Ye spirits of the Spring,
Fresh from the mountains bring
Bright bud and flower ;
Weave a rich diadem
Of leaf and branch and stem,
And with fair blossoms gem
Our festive bower.

Then, while the rose leaves press
The brow of loveliness,

Then be ye nigh !

Let your pale shadows pass
Quick o'er the rustling grass,
O'er the stream's polished glass,
Glide gently by.

Brightly the brooklet flows,
Calmly the clouds repose,

Our queen to greet.

The woods breathe incense still,
And every running rill
Sends out its music thrill
So soft, so sweet.

Here, where the wild winds breathe
Our blossom crown, we wreathe,

Our garland green.

Here by the crystal stream,
Where the still waters gleam
In the bright golden beam
We crown our Queen.

“Oh! how sweetly they sing ;” said Grace, when the last syllable had died away. How happy Miss Helen Cartney must be.”

“And is not Miss Grace Severn happy?” asked a voice.

“Oh, yes, Uncle John, very happy indeed. I am glad Mrs. Wilhelm was so kind as to ask mamma to bring me here, and I am glad the day is so warm, and I am very glad indeed that you are here. I want to know who made the words they have just been singing to the Queen. They could not invent them as they went on, could they?”

“The unworthy author is before you ;” said her uncle John, taking off his hat, and making her a low bow. “But,” continued he, “what are you going to do with your bouquet? it does not appear to be intended for a little girl!” “No, indeed, it is for a Queen,” said Grace, will you go with me, uncle John, to present it? my mother said that I had better wait until after the coronation.”

“I shall feel honored,” replied her uncle, “in conducting your grace to the foot of the throne.”

Grace was thanked by the gentle sovereign with a smile and a kiss. “Indeed,” said Grace to her uncle, “I think Miss Helen Cartney deserves to be a real Queen.” “She is happier as Queen of May,” answered her uncle.

After the party had been to the cottage to partake of a lunch, Mrs Wilhelm had provided for them, they returned

to their bower. In the meantime, the gentlemen had more boats brought round from Halifax, and they were now ready to receive those who preferred rowing on the clear waters of the arm, to roaming in the woods.

All were soon scattered in different directions. Grace chose to seat herself on the throne erected for the Queen. Eliza went to the cottage for her dolls. They were going to crown a doll, and as Grace wove the crown, she wished again that she was a poet, and could make some lines to sing. "I wonder," said she to herself, "who makes verses to sing to Queen Victoria! I suppose it is the Duke of Wellington. I wish he, or Uncle John would come here now, and make some for me."

Uncle John did come, but it was to lead Grace to a tiny little boat waiting at the shore. There was just room for the little girls, and their dolls; Uncle John took the oars and the fairy vessel glided away.

If you wish to see the gay boats floating on those still and beautiful waters, I advise you to walk to the North West Arm, some fine evening just before sunset, and there if you do not find "LITTLE GRACE," you will at least, have before you, one of the fairest "SCENES IN NOVA SCOTIA."

